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THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA

BURGOYNE AND THE NORTHERN CAMPAIGN, 1777

THE Campaign of Burgoyne, with its attendant circumstances, has had so much light thrown upon it by skillful writers that its review at the present time may seem unnecessary—even presumptuous. Yet, as artists of greater or less capacity are encouraged to repeat a theme, made familiar by the works of great masters, so, perhaps, may be justified this attempt to portray again the great historical drama that opened so exultingly in June, 1777, near the banks of the St. Lawrence river, and terminated amid so many tragic elements in October of the same year, on the banks of the Hudson.

Few important events have occurred in the history of the world, which, in unity of purpose and culminating interest, are more intensely dramatic; and few have occupied so vast a theatre. For its northern boundary we must enter Canada at the Three Rivers, where the British and German winter encampment was deserted; on the west we find the famous carrying place of the Indians between the head waters of the Oswego and the Mohawk, where stood Fort Stanwix, an important point in the action; on the east were the Hampshire Grants, just moulding themselves into an organized government, where the British met their first repulse; and toward the south, in the Jerseys, those momentous manœuvres took place that formed a huge side-play to the stirring events further northward; the main armies there were but holding each other in check, while the over-confident English forces from Canada poured through that unhinged gateway of the north, Ticonderoga, and swept on southward to meet their final fate in the picturesque region of Old Saratoga.

We, of the present time, can easily picture to ourselves the magnificent stage on which these events took place; we, who so often traverse this region by land and water; passing through the lovely valley of the

Mohawk from Albany to Lake Ontario ; thence skirting the great northern wilderness, as we sweep around it by water into the borders of Canada, and from there returning through the great river-like Lake Champlain to Whitehall, the old Skenesborough. Again we pass over fair hills, and by the historic Wood Creek to Fort Edward, and thence by romantic carriage rides, or on the lazy canal, to the mouths of the Mohawk, and to Albany again. Here, resting on the tranquil waters of the great Hudson, our sumptuous boat is soon borne onward past the Highlands, where Putnam stood guard at Peekskill ; and lower down, where we look for the sites of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, and the fire-ravaged town of Kingston. We are stirred by memories of the anxieties, the hopes, the fluctuations of despair and joy that swayed our countrymen of that time ; and we are not unmindful of the agony of longing with which the ambitious Burgoyne listened for one sound of victory, or of hearty cooperation from this region, while he clung to his last foothold before the victorious army of the Patriots. Landing at New York, our imagination still filled with these visions of the past, we naturally turn to the western shores of the bay ; there the names that float so vaguely in our minds—Morristown, Middlebrook, Quibbletown, and Brunswick—seem suddenly vivified, and resolve themselves into a hieroglyphic that reads : “ Remember Washington ! ” It was his grasp of large events, his steadfastness of purpose, and his firm directing rein, that brought into harmony and effect the conflicting and seemingly inefficient forces that made the closing scene of this spectacle a triumph that astonished the world.

The importance of this triumph upon the fortunes of the American struggle for Independence is undisputed. The Battle of Saratoga is declared upon high authority to be one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. The reactionary feeling it called forth in the Colonies, after the disasters and anxieties of the campaign of the previous year in Canada, strengthened public sentiment in favor of the patriotic cause, and filled the depleted ranks of the army. It led directly to the indispensable assistance received from France, and thus to the later recognition of other foreign Governments. As in the last French and English war, the campaign of 1759, which embraced the rocky heights of Quebec, the great water line of New York, and the western posts on the great lakes, was the decisive campaign ; so by this one of 1777, similar in construction, it was proposed by the English King and his American Minister, Lord Germaine, to divide and crush the Colonies, and terminate the war.

General Burgoyne, who had witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, and had watched with critical judgment the cautious movements of Sir Guy Carleton during the year 1776, had in the latter part of that year returned to England and held long consultations with the King and Germaine. Burgoyne brought his military knowledge and experience, and his brilliant intellectual powers into play in depicting to them the wisdom and efficiency of Amherst's campaign of 1759. May he not also have held in his fervid imagination some picture of himself in the near future receiving such honors as had been awarded to Amherst? We know the result of those consultations; how a definite and explicit plan was formed in England by which every particular in regard to the movement of troops in Canada was specified, even to the number that should garrison each successive post; how Sir Guy Carleton was ignored, and ordered to hand over the army of invasion to General Burgoyne; and how, upon leaving the Canadian boundaries, that army was to be wholly independent of Carleton. Orders were also forwarded to Sir William Howe, at New York, to cooperate with this enterprise by proceeding up the Hudson river to join Burgoyne at Albany. These orders do not appear to have been so peremptory as those which were to control the northern division of the army; at least Lord Howe interpreted them very freely. He not only sailed south, toward Philadelphia, with the main army, while Burgoyne was pushing toward him from the north, but he left Sir Henry Clinton at New York with purely discretionary powers in regard to such cooperation.

It was also arranged by Lord Germaine that an expedition should be sent to Fort Stanwix by way of Lake Ontario, which should make its way thence through the Mohawk valley to Albany; and St. Leger was designated as the proper person for its command. The New England Colonies were also to be threatened with invasion; upon this order General Burgoyne based very strongly his defense, before the Parliamentary Committee, of his disastrous movement upon Bennington.

It is thus seen that the culmination of this great scheme was directed against the very heart—the vital existence of the great province of New York, even then the most important, the most vigorous of those thirteen young giants who stood so sullenly, defiantly, and yet reluctantly at bay to receive the blow that would decide whether they should submit to the unreasonable demands of a tyrannical parent, or remain free for the development of a full manhood.

When Burgoyne arrived at Quebec, in May, he found Carleton ready to aid him with alacrity, and in a very short time the troops that had

been in winter quarters and the newly arrived reinforcements—the Canadian Provincials and the Indian allies—were in readiness for a forward movement. Burgoyne ordered the sick and the baggage to be left at Three Rivers, and the whole army to concentrate at St. Johns. This was accomplished by the 12th of June, and here, on that day, around a sumptuous dinner, sat Sir Guy Carleton, Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips, Frazer and other officers of rank. While still at the table a message was brought informing General Riedesel of the long anticipated arrival of his wife, the Baroness, at Quebec, and announcing to General Carleton the approach of reinforcements for the army in Canada. Hearty congratulations were exchanged, the wine flowed freely, and amid great hilarity and exultation General Carleton took leave of the army of invasion. A brilliant scene was presented by this trained and disciplined army of two nations, equipped with all that power, wealth and genius could devise and procure, and accompanied by artillery unparalleled at that time for efficiency and splendor. As the guns roared out their farewell salute, and the different corps moved back and forth in their preparations to embark, the earth shook as though she would hasten their departure; and as they floated towards the great Lake its waters quivered under the light of a hazy mystery that seemed to entice them on to unimagined glories. What wonder if the poet-soul of Burgoyne reveled in enchanting fancies that clothed the end in brightness. We have been accustomed to think of him in disgrace, as he yielded his sword to his victorious enemy—or to dwell on his pompous proclamations, his grandiose follies. Another view may be taken of this hero of misfortunes. He made undoubted and serious sacrifices in an attempt to control and humanize his savage allies; his high sense of honor cannot be questioned; his calmness and discretion under unjust public opprobrium and censure are worthy of admiration and imitation. The brilliancy of his hope, the persistency of his efforts to accomplish the desired end, his unflinching assumption of entire responsibility, and the quiet dignity with which final disaster was faced and borne, render him one of the most picturesque and pathetic objects that fill for a moment the kaleidoscope of our revolutionary epoch.

We have a graphic description of Burgoyne's army on Lake Champlain, given by Anburey, a young officer who accompanied the expedition, in one of his delightful letters to a friend. "Let me just relate," writes he, "in what manner the army passed up the lake, which was by brigades, generally advancing from seventeen to twenty miles a day, and regulated in such a manner that the second Brigade should take the

place of the first, and so on successively, for each Brigade to fill the ground the other quitted; the time of departure was always day-break."

In another letter he writes: "I cannot forbear portraying to your imagination one of the most pleasing spectacles I ever beheld. When we were in the widest part of the lake, whose beauty and extent I have already described, it was remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze was stirring, when the whole army appeared at one view in such perfect regularity as to form the most complete and splendid regatta you can possibly conceive. In the front the Indians went with their birch-bark canoes, containing twenty or thirty each; then the advanced corps in regular line with the gun-boats, then followed the Royal George and Inflexible, towing large booms—which are to be thrown across two points of land—with the two brigs and sloops following; after them Generals Burgoyne, Phillips and Riedesel in their pinnaces; next to them the second Battalion, followed by the German Battalion; and the rear was brought up with the sutlers and followers of the army. Upon the appearance of so formidable a fleet you may imagine they were not a little dismayed at Ticonderoga, for they were apprised of our advance, as we every day could see their watch-boats."

While the main army from Canada was thus advancing towards Crown Point and Ticonderoga, St. Leger, with nearly a thousand men, regulars and Canadians, and Sir John Johnson with the Royal Greens, whose homes all lay in the beautiful valley they now wished to ravish and conquer, moved up the St. Lawrence and through Lakes Ontario and Oneida into Wood Creek, by which to approach Fort Stan-wix or Schuyler. This fort was garrisoned by seven hundred and fifty Continental troops, and was under the command of the brave Colonel Gansevoort.

Early in the year 1777 General Philip Schuyler, commanding the northern division of the Continental Army, had been actively engaged in preparations for the summer campaign in his Department. At that time he had informed General Washington that it would be necessary for him to have ten thousand additional troops to garrison Fort Ticonderoga and its adjacent defences, and two thousand for important points on the Mohawk. He was making arrangements, under the direction and with the assistance of Washington, to collect and provide for as large a portion of this force as possible, when, early in April, it became necessary for him to go to Philadelphia. This was in consequence of the intrigues of his enemies, who had determined that he should relinquish the

command of the Northern Department. Congress had just before this sent General Gates to resume the command at Ticonderoga, and while General Schuyler was absent the control of the Department devolved upon Gates.

General Schuyler, as second officer in rank in the Continental Army, commanded the defences of Philadelphia while in that city, and was energetically engaged in that capacity; he was also a delegate to Congress from New York. About the last of May resolutions were passed in Congress affording him an entire vindication from all charges brought against him, and he was given "absolute command over every part of the Northern Department."

On the 3d of June he arrived in Albany and resumed his command. During his absence little had been done to carry forward his plans of defence, or to increase the little army that garrisoned the widely separated posts of the command. The Mohawk valley, always an object of especial care and solicitude to Schuyler, had been wholly neglected.

Upon his arrival in Albany he immediately wrote to General Herkimer to hold the militia of Tryon county in readiness to repel any attack from the west; and he renewed his efforts to quiet and conciliate the Indians of the Six Nations, with whom he had great influence.

He was soon informed of the movements of Burgoyne. His first impression was that Burgoyne would only make a feint upon Ticonderoga, while his main army would march from St. Johns toward the Connecticut river, and make an attempt upon the New England States, who might receive a simultaneous attack on the sea coast from Lord Howe. He gave no time to idle surmises, however, but hurried to Ticonderoga to inspect its defenses. The additional works, projected at Mount Independence, opposite Ticonderoga, were incomplete for want of troops and artizans. Schuyler, therefore, went to Lake George, whence he forwarded workmen and provisions to Fort Independence, and then returned to Albany, to hurry forward reinforcements that were hourly expected from Peekskill.

Hearing at this time of Burgoyne's certain and speedy approach toward Ticonderoga, he wrote most urgently to the Governor of Connecticut, the President of the Council of Massachusetts, and the various Committees of Safety, and to Washington, informing them of the impending danger, and asking for assistance. He also used every exertion possible to collect the militia of New York, with which he might advance at once to aid St. Clair, whom he had placed in command of

Fort Ticonderoga. General Gates had refused to remain in the Department after Schuyler's return, and had obtained a leave to return to Philadelphia.

Schuyler's appeal for reinforcements met with a languid response. Washington alone seemed to understand the urgency of his need, and he could do little to augment Schuyler's insignificant army. He, however, appealed also to the New England States, urging upon them the danger to their own boundaries if Burgoyne should gain any foothold in the Northern Department. He also ordered Putnam at Peekskill to reinforce Schuyler with four Massachusetts regiments.

At this time the main army under Washington consisted of but seven thousand five hundred men, many of them militia, whose terms of service would soon expire. With this small force, Washington, from the heights at Middlebrook, watched and baffled the movements of Lord Howe, whose army, assembled at Brunswick, "had not its equal in the world."

Howe's main object was to entice Washington into a general engagement, in which the British would have greatly the advantage. Such a victory would not only insure possession of Philadelphia, the principal aim of Howe's campaign, but would enable him to cooperate with Burgoyne, which he was willing to do, if such a movement could be made conformable to his own plans.

Washington was greatly perplexed, and in much anxiety, from his inability to solve the designs of Howe. Yet, with undisturbed self-possession, he continued to hold the shifting army of the enemy in check. It had advanced and retreated; advanced again, and had endeavored to outflank him; but finally, by his untiring vigilance, his inflexible adherence to his original purpose of maintaining his strong position on the heights, and by the harassments to which he subjected the ease-loving Lord Howe, he compelled that commander on the 30th of June to evacuate the Jerseys with his whole army.

Washington had written to Schuyler: "If I can keep General Howe below the Highlands, I think their schemes will be entirely baffled." Even when Howe was known to have sailed southward, Washington surmised that it might be a feint to draw him toward Philadelphia, when Howe would return and ascend the Hudson.

It is evident that the situation of the Northern Department constantly occupied the attention of the Commander-in-Chief. When he was assured that Howe was in the capes of the Delaware, and there was no further doubt that Philadelphia was the point of attack, although

himself in great need of troops and efficient officers, he parted with Morgan's Corps of five hundred picked men, and sent Arnold, of whose abilities as a General he entertained a high opinion, to assist the Army of the North. He also directed General Lincoln, then in New England, to repair to Schuyler's command, and advised that he should attempt a flank movement upon Burgoyne toward the east. He also addressed circulars to the Brigadier-Generals of Militia in Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, urging them to march with a large part of their command to Saratoga, or other rendezvous designated by General Schuyler. To the latter he wrote, warning him against collecting large quantities of ammunition and other stores in forts and lines of defense. "I begin to consider lines," he writes, "a kind of trap, unless they are in passes which cannot be avoided by the enemy."

We will see how the imperfect lines of defense at Ticonderoga came near being "a trap," in which St. Clair and his little army of three thousand men would have been captured but for the prompt and well-considered plan of retreat adopted by St. Clair. If this retreat was in some particulars disastrous, this misfortune should not reflect upon the commander, but on the subordinates, who, through negligence and officiousness, marred his plan, and upon the ill fortune that sometimes attends the best laid schemes.

The importance attached to the occupation of Ticonderoga appears to have been traditional, and without sufficient foundation. Being considered of such importance, there seems to have been strange neglect and want of foresight in the various officers who succeeded each other in its command. The scattering and imperfect defenses were extended over more than two miles. Sugar Hill, "the key of the position," was not occupied. There had been repeated discussions among the officers as to the feasibility of fortifying this commanding point. Colonel Trumbull, and Generals Wayne and Arnold had climbed the hill, which was difficult of ascent, to satisfy themselves that a battery could be placed upon it. Major Stevens, the energetic officer who commanded the artillery at Ticonderoga, and later all the artillery in the northern department, had proved by a practical experiment with one of his guns that it should be occupied.

Washington, upon a report of the defenses in the Northern Department, had condemned Fort Independence, on the opposite shore of the Lake, as entirely useless for the purpose of checking an enemy's progress toward the south, as it did not command the road to Lake George. Yet Wayne, Gates, Schuyler, and St. Clair were equally agreed in con-

sidering it necessary to hold Ticonderoga and strengthen Mount Independence, and were equally negligent in leaving Sugar Hill exposed to the adversary. The scantiness of the garrison, the contentions among its commanders, and the final unexpected rapidity of Burgoyne's advance, may partly explain the apparent want of sound military judgment that caused this fortress to fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the invader.

An old entrenchment on the road to Lake George was also neglected by the Americans; and when Burgoyne made his appearance before Ticonderoga on the 4th of July, this position was immediately seized upon by General Frazer, and named Mount Hope, as significant of future success.

Burgoyne had lingered a few days at Crown Point, and there on the 30th of June he issued the famous order, containing these words: "*This army must not retreat.*" On the following morning he moved forward in battle array. The German battalions formed the left wing, and advanced on the east side of the lake until they camped in front of Mount Independence. General Frazer led the right wing on the west side, and the floating batteries moved in unison between. On the 4th of July, when Frazer had occupied Mount Hope, General Phillips took possession of the mills at the outlet of Lake George, and on the same day sent Lieutenant Twiss to reconnoitre Sugar Hill. Satisfied from his report that a battery could be placed upon it, he only waited for darkness to carry out his design. The guns were then hoisted from tree to tree with heavy ropes, and, writes Anburey, "General Phillips urged the work forward with the same vehemence with which he drove his artillery at the battle of Minden, when he is said to have broken fifteen canes over the horses."

On the morning of July 5th St. Clair awoke to see, in the early dawn, the red-coats busy on the summit of Sugar Hill, planting a battery seven hundred feet above him, from which point they could observe every movement within the fort. He recognized the danger, and immediately called a council of officers. They unanimously agreed that the evacuation of Forts Ticonderoga and Independence was imperative, or a surrender would soon be inevitable.

St. Clair, quietly and expeditiously, made arrangements to begin the retreat on the same night. The troops were permitted to believe that a sortie was intended, and firing was continued through the day to deceive the enemy. Above the floating bridge that connected the forts a boom-had been placed to obstruct the navigation of the lake. It was sup-

posed that this would delay the British gunboats, so that the American batteaux might reach Skenesborough in safety. As soon as darkness rendered it discreet, the wounded and women, together with the stores and ammunition, were embarked on two hundred of these batteaux. They were escorted by five armed galleys and six hundred men, under the command of Colonel Long. It was a bright moonlight night, but they got under way in safety; as they proceeded leisurely up the lake, they indulged in much merriment and exultation over their quiet and expeditious escape.

St. Clair, with the main body of the troops, also passed safely and undiscovered over the floating bridge, where they were joined by the garrison from Mount Independence. All were under full retreat, when, most unfortunately, the house that had been occupied as head-quarters by General de Fertnois, who commanded Independence, was fired, and the brilliant flames lighted up the entire columns of the retreating forces. The British sentinels immediately gave the alarm. By day-break the British flag floated over both forts, and in a few hours General Frazer was in close pursuit of the Americans.

On the morning of the 7th Frazer's Indian scouts came upon the rear guard of St. Clair's army, under Colonels Warner and Francis, at Hubbardton. General Frazer made an impetuous attack, which Warner resisted with great spirit. He was nobly seconded by Colonel Francis, who three times charged the enemy at the head of his regiment. On one of these occasions his men came into action singing the hymns familiar to them in their village churches. This induced the British to believe that reinforcements had arrived; they were yielding ground when General Riedesel, who had been awaiting the arrival of his grenadiers for two hours with great impatience, now brought them forward with colors flying, while they sung the resonant battle hymns of the Germans. Under the first onslaught with their bayonets, Colonel Francis fell, fatally wounded, and the exhausted Americans were compelled to leave the field. They had crippled the enemy sufficiently to check further pursuit, and had caused them heavy losses of men and officers. Among the wounded was Major Ackland, whose painful walk afterwards down the steep, wooded hill, upon which the battle was fought, is touchingly related by the officer who assisted him. It was in consequence of this wound that Lady Ackland shortly afterward joined him at Skenesborough.

While the contest was in progress at Hubbardton, St. Clair ordered Colonel Hale with his regiment to reinforce Warner and Francis. Hale

disobeyed orders, and with his men was soon afterwards captured by the enemy. St. Clair, hearing now that Burgoyne had possession of Skeneborough, pushed into the woods eastward, and made a circuitous route to Fort Edward, where he arrived on the 12th.

The batteaux of the American flotilla from Ticonderoga, had just touched at Skeneborough, when heavy firing was heard in their rear. The British had speedily disposed of the obstructing boom and followed the flotilla up the lake. The Americans, confused and panic-stricken, abandoned all the stores they had brought with so much care, and fled towards Fort Anne. Before leaving they set fire to the houses, mills and other buildings at Skeneborough; the flames spread into the pine forests, on the surrounding hills, which, as the British approached, presented a scene of unsurpassed grandeur and desolation.

The retreating force separated, one party making its way through Wood Creek, and the remainder, under Colonel Long, pushing through the woods to Fort Anne, where he determined to make a stand. When the British approached he returned to meet them, and posted his regiment on a narrow pathway near Wood Creek. As the British advanced he opened fire upon them, and shifting his troops from side to side of the creek, so harassed and confused them that they were forced to take refuge on a hill to the right. Here they were closely besieged for two hours. Several of their officers were wounded and carried into a log house whose walls were frequently penetrated by the American rifle balls; while lying there these officers commented with surprise upon the daring and endurance of the rebels, whose courageous spirit they here encountered for the first time. When Colonel Long's little band was upon the very verge of victory, there suddenly sounded through the forest, on every side, the terrible war-whoop of the savages as they advanced by hundreds to reinforce the British. The Americans hurriedly secured their prisoners, and taking their wounded, left the hill and continued their retreat to Fort Edward.

During the first days of July, General Schuyler had waited in Albany, with great impatience, the arrival of reinforcements from the Highlands. On the 7th they had not arrived, and leaving orders for them to follow, he started north with the small force he had collected, about fifteen hundred men. At Stillwater he was met with the astounding intelligence that St. Clair had abandoned Forts Ticonderoga and Independence without striking a blow in their defense, and hurrying on to Fort Edward he met Long, who could give him no account of St. Clair and his army. Fears were entertained that he had been overtaken and compelled

to surrender. After a mysterious disappearance of seven days, St. Clair joined Schuyler at Fort Edward, his men haggard and worn with their exhausting march, but safe and resolute for further service.

These misfortunes in the beginning of the campaign involved a heavy loss of artillery, small arms, and stores of all kinds; the consternation of the people who fled before Burgoyne seemed still more disastrous, and Schuyler's fortitude and composure were most severely tried. He was sustained and encouraged by constant despatches from Washington, who writes at one time, "We should never despair. If new difficulties arise we must only put forth new exertions," and again he expresses an earnest sympathy for Schuyler amid these thickening difficulties, and manifests his unwavering confidence in his ability to overcome them. With unflaging energy Schuyler exerted himself to delay the enemy while endeavoring to collect a sufficient force to meet him with some reasonable prospect of success.

Burgoyne now had his headquarters at the house of a noted loyalist, Colonel Skene; the victories he anticipated appeared to fall into his hands as the natural result of his well laid schemes. The frightened patriots trembled at his approach, and Colonel Skene assured him that hundreds of loyalists were waiting for an opportunity to join his advancing army. Skene was an old resident, a large land owner, and was supposed to exert an extended influence; much weight was therefore attached to his opinion.

Burgoyne was greatly elated, and on the tenth of July ordered a Thanksgiving service to be read "at the head of the line, and at the head of the Advanced Corps, and at sun-set on the same day, a *feu de joie* to be fired with cannon and small arms at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Skenesborough and Castleton."

He had now reached the close of the "first period of this campaign," as he divided it in his "State of the Expedition," written after his return to England. These three divisions we may appropriately consider, from an artistic point of view, as the three acts in this great drama. The second one extended from this time to Burgoyne's passage across the Hudson river, near the Batten Kill, on the thirteenth of September.

General Schuyler remained at Fort Edward until he had effectually obstructed the pathway from Skenesborough, where Burgoyne now lingered. Huge stones were rolled into Wood Creek, and trees felled across it; bridges were destroyed, and the forests leveled across the roads. The surrounding country was stripped of forage and the cattle driven off, so that the enemy would be compelled to rely upon his base of operations for

provisions ; this proved a serious obstacle to Burgoyne's advance. Having accomplished these purposes, Schuyler fell back to Fort Miller, on the east side of the river, and again paused to destroy the road over which he had just passed. He then retreated to Stillwater, and reinforcements coming in but slowly, he finally encamped his little army near the mouths of the Mohawk, but maintained his headquarters at Stillwater.

At Skeneborough Burgoyne first faced the difficulties of his position. His force was reduced in order to garrison the forts already taken, Carleton having refused to send troops for that purpose. In preparing to march through an unfamiliar wilderness, he found that the necessity of carrying provisions and dragging artillery, while engaged in cutting a passage and constructing roads, would seriously retard his progress. He was not discouraged, but pushed on vigorously. The troops suffered greatly during their severe labors from the excessive heat and innumerable insects. It was, therefore, with a feeling of intense relief that they arrived at Fort Edward on the thirteenth of July. Both officers and men were inspired with enthusiasm upon thus obtaining their first sight of the Hudson River, so long the object of their desires and hopes.

Burgoyne remained here, and at Duer's House, not far distant, until September 10th, his difficulties and perplexities constantly increasing. His requisition for horses and wagons, upon which his army was so dependent, had been imperfectly filled. It seemed impossible to accumulate sufficient provisions for a long and rapid march. Instead of the friendly and helpful inhabitants who he imagined would flock to his quarters, there was absolute coldness on the part of the inhabitants, or the desolation of deserted homes. His Indian allies were insubordinate and troublesome, and soon the murder of Jane McCrea by a party of these savages aroused and intensified the hostile feeling of the Colonists. His own humane and honorable sentiments were shocked and disgusted by this incident. It was impossible for him to dispense with the services of these wild creatures, from whom so much was expected by the Home Government. He satisfied himself by imposing stringent orders upon their movements. This created a general discontent, and they soon began to desert him by hundreds. In the midst of these anxieties he received intelligence of the arrival of St. Leger before Fort Stanwix.

According to his original plan, he must now move immediately down the river to cooperate with St. Leger, or at least make a diversion in his favor. An expedition was therefore proposed that, it was thought, would answer many important purposes. Burgoyne was informed by

Colonel Skene that at Bennington the Americans had collected many horses, and large stores of every kind for the use of the northern army. Skene also reiterated his assurances concerning the loyalists, who would, by such a movement, secure the opportunity for which they waited to join the British army. So confident were the officers of the truth of these statements of Skene, that when the Americans of Stark's command came creeping around the flanks of the British at Bennington for their first attack, they were allowed to advance under the impression that they were loyalists, who thus sought access to the British camp. This expedition was also intended to mislead Schuyler into the belief that New England was the object of Burgoyne's efforts.

Colonel Baum was sent with a body of German grenadiers, English marksmen, Canadians and Indians, to make an attack upon Bennington, and secure the much needed horses and provisions. He set out on the 13th of August, and so eager was General Burgoyne in regard to the success of this enterprise that he rode after Baum to impress his orders upon him verbally.

The people of Bennington were apprised of Baum's approach. It happened, fortunately, that General Stark had refused to leave his neighborhood and join General Schuyler at Stillwater, having recently received a slight from Congress, which seems indeed to have had a disposition to ignore or wound the most active officers of the Continental Army. Stark immediately called out the militia, and rallied his brigade; he also dispatched a message to General Lincoln, at Manchester, to forward reinforcements. On the morning of the 14th he marched out of Bennington. When about six miles on the road, he encountered the British, and a sharp skirmish took place, in which several of the enemy were killed and wounded. Baum now posted himself on a hill, and began to entrench his camp, while he sent a messenger to Burgoyne for reinforcements. A heavy rain prevented an engagement on the fifteenth, but there was constant skirmishing. The New Englanders, now thoroughly aroused to the danger of invasion, flocked hurriedly and in large numbers to the American camp.

On the morning of the 16th a bright sun dispersed all threatening clouds, and Stark, although without artillery or bayonets, prepared to attack Baum in his entrenchments. He sent a detachment to the rear of the enemy's left, and another to the rear of his right. Simultaneously with the attack from these divisions, Stark, at the head of his column, exclaimed: "There are the red-coats; before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark's a widow," and rushed upon the entrenchments

with impetuous fury. The Germans defended their works steadily and bravely, but the Canadians and Indians were soon driven in upon them; and the Americans, pressing up to the very mouth of the cannon, continued the contest with a frenzied determination. They captured the guns, and forced the Provincials and Indians to retreat precipitously. The Germans had now exhausted their ammunition; they resorted to their bayonets and broad-swords, and attempted a retreat through the woods. The Americans pursued hotly; many of the enemy were killed and wounded, among the former Colonel Baum. All who survived were taken prisoners.

At this critical moment Colonel Breyman came upon the ground with his Germans, and renewed the attack upon Stark's exhausted forces. Colonel Warren now arrived from Bennington with his regiment, fresh and vigorous. It was late in the afternoon when this second action began; it was continued until dark, the enemy retreating slowly, and making a stand from place to place. Stark followed up his victory as long as there was a ray of light to expose the enemy. "Another hour of daylight, and he would have captured the whole body." Breyman continued his retreat under cover of the night, leaving his baggage and artillery in the hands of the Americans.

This victory, so complete and inspiriting to the Americans, was equally disastrous and disheartening to the British. Like the glorious sunshine of that summer day, it ripened the growing fruit of patriotism in the hearts of the colonists; and like the dreary night that followed it, shadowed the despondency of the English, and made darker the forebodings that began to cluster around the anxious heart of Burgoyne. Its practical results were an acquisition of one thousand stand of arms, and many field-pieces. Nearly six hundred privates and thirty-two officers were made prisoners of war.

In the meantime, on the 3d of August, St. Leger had appeared before Fort Stanwix and demanded its surrender. Colonel Gansevoort paying no attention to this summons, St. Leger began to fortify his camp, and bring forward his artillery through Wood Creek, preparatory to a regular siege. He also sent detachments in various directions to cut off the garrison from the surrounding country.

General Herkimer, acting under Schuyler's orders, was advancing to the relief of Colonel Gansevoort; he sent messengers to apprise that commander of his approach, and directed that signal guns should be fired upon the arrival of the men in the fort; a sortie was to be made at the same time, and under this diversion he would hasten forward. The mes-

sengers were delayed many hours on the road, and the officers under Herkimer became impatient for an advance. Herkimer urged the necessity of waiting for the preconcerted signal, but in vain; the officers continued their unreasonable appeals, and finally taunting him with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled him to a movement that his judgment did not approve.

Brant, who led the Indians under St. Leger, was informed by his sister of Herkimer's approach. An ambuscade was planned. While Herkimer's van-guard was crossing a ravine on a narrow causway, near Oriskany, the concealed Indians suddenly assailed them on either side, and a desperate contest ensued. It lasted several hours, the Americans defending themselves with resolute bravery, and the Indians killing the wounded and prisoners like veritable demons of the forest. Herkimer was seriously wounded, but had himself propped against a tree and continued to give his orders and urge on his troops. British regulars were brought on the field, who repeatedly charged with the bayonet, but were steadily repulsed.

A heavy rain checked the contest, but it was soon renewed more desperately than ever, and became one of the most terrific hand to hand fights of the war. Johnson's Royal Greens found opportunity to gratify many long-cherished animosities, as their opponents were their old neighbors of the Valley, and the Indians were excited to unusual ferocity. These last were finally driven back, and fled, and their supporters hearing firing in their rear returned to their camp.

While this contest was in progress, the messengers had reached Gansevoort, who ordered a sortie upon the enemy's camp. This was successful, and the whole camp equipage and stores of the Loyalists were secured and brought into the fort.

Congress had just adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National ensign.

One of the officers at Fort Stanwix now made an American flag of a white shirt and some bits of red cloth; the blue field was made of an over-coat belonging to Captain Swartout of Dutchess County. This uncouth emblem was the first American flag that waved over a British standard; the colors just captured at the British camp being placed in this ignoble position.

St. Leger now caused exaggerated accounts of the American losses at Oriskany to be sent into the fort, and again demanded a surrender. Gansevoort again treated the summons with contempt, when St. Leger pressed the seige and advanced his lines.

On the tenth two officers were dispatched by Gansevoort to make their way through the lines, and obtain assistance from Schuyler. At great risk, and after enduring many hardships, they reached Stillwater. Schuyler wished to respond immediately to this demand, but many of his officers objected; they urged the imprudence of lessening the force with which Burgoyne's army must be met. Schuyler felt justly indignant with this selfish disregard of the critical situation of the heroic Gansevoort. He assumed the entire responsibility of forwarding a detachment, and Arnold volunteered his services for its command. He was soon in the valley of the Mohawk with eight hundred men; his progress was not rapid enough to satisfy his impatient spirit, which reached forward in eager devices to foil the enemy, and encourage the besieged. He dispatched messengers to Gansevoort, assuring him of relief, and with great adroitness caused rumors of the advance of a large force to be circulated in St. Leger's camp. These rumors were repeated and exaggerated, until the Indian allies became alarmed and ungovernable. They seized upon the blankets and other effects of the British officers, and commenced a hasty retreat. St. Leger, believing the Americans were close upon him, left his camp, and followed his retreating allies, abandoning his guns and baggage to the exultant patriots, who were now relieved of all apprehension. Arnold was forty miles from Stanwix at this time, and upon hearing of the ignominious flight of the British, retraced his steps to join the army under Schuyler.

This army was rapidly increasing; the long expected regiments from the Highlands had arrived; the New York Militia had rallied nobly; and the New Englanders, excited by the victory at Bennington, were on their way to the camp with their jubilant brigades; Arnold, with an augmented division, was approaching. The country was buoyant with hope, an exaggerated reaction after the depression of the early summer. Schuyler was at last in a position to begin offensive operations; he might now see the development of his well laid schemes; he would soon be able to point exultantly to the result of his toil, his patience, to the unappreciated difficulties now conquered. Such we may imagine General Schuyler's thoughts, as he sprang on his horse one bright morning in August, at the door of his stately mansion in Albany, when about to meet his officers for a consultation in regard to an advance movement of his army. As his charger moved restlessly under the rein, an officer approached with an official document. Schuyler, ever on the alert, checked his horse to examine the dispatch. It contained the resolutions of Congress that deprived him of his command. This, in the face of the enemy, and at the turning point of his fortunes!

A momentary movement of the lip, and a lifting of the eyebrows—then a deepening of the firm lines about the mouth, were the only signs of suppressed emotion. With a graceful bow to the waiting officer, the deeply injured Commander rode quietly on to his head-quarters. When surrounded by his officers he explained the dispatch, and simply said: "Until the country is in safety, I shall stifle my resentment." He kept his word, and with unremitting energy continued to perform the arduous duties of his command, until his successor arrived. In a few days this successor, General Gates, appeared at head-quarters, where he was received and entertained by General Schuyler with unexampled magnanimity and dignity.

Kosciusko, the Polish engineer, was sent by General Gates to reconnoitre and select a position for the proposed advance camp of the Americans. He decided that Bemis Heights, four miles above Stillwater, was the most favorable point. The army was soon afterward encamped at that place, and a line of entrenchments constructed for its defense.

The defeat of Baum, and the failure of St. Leger, by successive strokes, had paralyzed the right and the left arms of Burgoyne's force, and he now struggled forward with the maimed body of his army, amid ever thickening danger. Yet undismayed, he assiduously endeavored to carry out his original design, and obey the orders of Germaine and the King. Having collected provisions for a thirty days' march, he dispatched a messenger to New York with entreaties for a movement to be made from that direction. He then left Duer's House, and moved his army steadily forward to the Batten Kill, where he encamped on the night of the twelfth of September. Finding that his officers were reluctant to cross the river, he assumed the entire responsibility himself, and on the 13th and 14th passed the whole army over the Hudson on a bridge of boats, enforcing his order, "This army must not retreat." They continued their march down the river, and encamped on the north side of Fish Creek. Here, in sight of Old Saratoga, which lay on the south side of the stream, closed the "second period of the campaign," and with dramatic propriety the curtain falls upon another act, which in its progress has already indicated the direction of coming events.

Here also, on the night of the 14th of September, Burgoyne's encampment rested on the very spot where, a few weeks later, his surrender took place. This place was several miles above the battle-field of Bemis Heights. From a hill on the east side of the Hudson, Colonel Colburn, of the Continental Army, reconnoitred this camp. Perched in

the forks of a tall tree, he counted through his field-glass eight hundred tents; watched the army prepare for and start on its forward march, and then hastened to Stillwater to make his report to Gates.

Burgoyne's orders at this time prove the intensity of his anxiety, his constant anticipation of an attack, and his determination to press on at all hazards. On the fourteenth of September, they read, "During the next marches of the army, the corps are to move in such a state as to be fit for *instant action*. It is a *standing order* for the rest of the campaign, that all pickets and guards are under arms an hour before daylight, and remain so until it is completely light."

On the fifteenth he says, "The army are to march in three columns, after having passed Schuyler's house—The provisions to be floated down under the care of Captain Brown—The hospitals to move as quick as carts can be provided for them—The bridge to be broke up and floated down immediately after the army is marched." And later in the day, at Dovogat, "The whole line to lie accoutred to-night."

Here, at Dovogat, he remained two days, while his working parties repaired bridges and otherwise cleared the way for his artillery and baggage. Quietness and gloom hung about the heavy columns of his army. No drums were beat, or trumpets sounded; mysteriously, laboriously and persistently this strictly disciplined army was held to its course by the dogged determination and the impulsive will of its commander. Orders were rigid and imperious. "The first soldier caught beyond the advance sentries of the army will be instantly hung. The baggage will remain loaded, as the army will march as soon as the bridges are repaired," and at Sword's house on the seventeenth, his orders read, "The whole army to lie accoutred, and be under arms before daybreak, and continue so until it clears up."

The position chosen for the American camp, where Gates had determined to await an attack, was on a spur of hills that approached the river bank. At their base, on the river, stood Bemis' house, used by Gates as head-quarters for a few days; he afterwards moved on the hill. Earthworks were thrown across the narrow meadow between the hill and the river; they covered the old road, and the bridge of boats communicating with the east side of the Hudson. The heights were to the north and west. Breastworks were projected toward the north, in a semi-circle, for three-quarters of a mile. Redoubts were established at intervals. A barn built of heavy logs, belonging to the Neilson farm, which lay within the works, was converted into a rude but strong fortification. A thickly wooded ravine formed a natural defense along the

front of the camp, and Mill Creek swept through a deeper ravine, a little to the north. Gates occupied, with the right wing, the river hills and the defile between these and the river; Morgan, of Arnold's division, the left wing, camped on the heights nearly a mile back from the river, and Learned occupied the elevated plain as centre.

Arnold, with fifteen hundred men, was now constantly skirmishing with the enemy, and doubtless gave occasion for many of the sharp, concise orders issued by Burgoyne, who was constantly harassed, and often compelled to use a whole regiment to protect a small working party. On the seventeenth he was at Sword's house, where he encamped, and prepared for battle.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth of September, General Burgoyne advanced towards the American camp with his army in three columns. The left commanded by Riedesel, and composed of the German regiments, with Phillips and his artillery, moved on the river road.

Frazer, with his own and Breyman's corps, made a detour far to the west, and Burgoyne, with the English regiments, took the centre and marched toward the heights on the right.

The main object of Burgoyne was a union of his own and Frazer's divisions in the rear of the left wing of the American camp. The Canadians and Indians were to engage the attention of the Americans in front, while Frazer would get in the rear of the American left by his circuitous route through the woods; at a preconcerted signal, Burgoyne would make a simultaneous attack in the front; Riedesel and Phillips would occupy Gates on the American right; thus it was hoped they would cut off and destroy the American left wing, and at the same time gain an advanced position.

Gates was told of the near approach of the enemy, but gave no orders to meet or prepare for them. Finally yielding to the urgent importunities of Arnold and others, he consented to allow the hovering Indians to be driven back. But for this permission, which led to the repulse of the British, Burgoyne's plan might have been successful.

The American regiments behind their works were restless and eager for the contest, and no sooner were they permitted to move than they assailed the enemy with resistless impetuosity. Morgan led the way with his riflemen, who drove the advancing forces with such rapidity, that, for a moment, their commander lost sight of them. His shrill whistle soon recalled them to calmer work. Now following Arnold with Learned's brigade, they attempted to cut off the detachment of Frazer

from the main army; Frazer at the same time was endeavoring to reach the American rear. Both striving for the same object, and their movements screened by the heavy forest, they met unexpectedly near Mill Creek, a few yards west of Freeman's cottage. A furious contest followed. Arnold led with his usual spirit, while Morgan seemed endowed with the strength and ubiquity of a forest demi-god; with his active, intelligent corps, he struck blow after blow, his men scattering like leaves of the autumn before a gust of the British bayonets, only to close again and follow up their advantage. Assailing Breyman's guns, they captured a cannon, and were carrying it from the field when Morgan's horse was shot under him; heavy reinforcements came to relieve Frazer; Gates still withheld assistance, and they were scattered once more. Arnold and Morgan now made a rapid counter march against Frazer's left, and in this movement encountered the whole English line under Burgoyne.

They were now reinforced with four regiments, and made so vigorous and resolute an attack that they were on the point of severing the wings of the British army, when Phillips came forward with his artillery, and the Americans were forced back within their lines. It was now three o'clock, and a lull occurred in the contest. The two armies lay each upon a hillside, that sloped toward a ravine, which separated them. With the reinforcements conceded to Arnold, his force did not exceed three thousand men; yet, with this number, for four hours, he sustained an unequal conflict with the choicest English regiments, inspired by every sentiment that ambition or desperation could suggest, and commanded by many of the most accomplished and brave officers of the English Army.

Steadily the Patriots received charge after charge of the dreaded English bayonets; then, emboldened by their own endurance, they pushed upon the enemy in a fierce attack, to be driven again toward their own lines. While victory seemed thus to sway back and forth over the little stream, which hid its crystal waters under the crimson flood that now crept over it, and while the Americans held the ascendancy, Riedesel came over the field at double-quick with his heavy Germans, and pressed the exhausted Americans back once more. It was now dark; they gathered up their wounded and prisoners, and retired to their camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred, and the British nearly double that number. The latter held the field, and claimed a victory; it was worse than barren to them. Foiled in their main object, they were now burdened with many wounded; they

had tested the strength of the Americans, and were convinced that their own advantages of discipline and bayonets were perfectly counterpoised by the enthusiasm and courage of the Patriots. The British, who bivouaced on the field, were harassed until midnight by large skirmishing parties of the Americans, and were under arms in expectation of an attack in force.

Arnold urged the importance of this attack with such vehemence that Gates took serious offense, although he failed to tell Arnold that he was short of ammunition—the reason afterwards given for his refusal to follow up the advantage of the previous day. In his report of the battle to Congress, he refrained from mentioning Arnold's name. This led to a further quarrel, and Arnold was deprived of his command. Gates continued to strengthen the defenses of his camp, while his army daily increased in numbers.

Burgoyne encamped his whole army on the ground he had gained on the nineteenth, and protected it with strong entrenchments. Four redoubts were constructed on the river hills, at the place now called Wilbur's Basin. This was the northern extremity of a narrow alluvial flat that extended to Bemis House, two miles below; it widened in the centre, and narrowed again at this point, where the hills lay very near the river. On its banks were the hospitals; they and the batteaux were covered by a battery and earthworks; similar defenses were extended toward the west for nearly a mile to Frazer's camp, which was posted on the heights near Freeman's farm. North of that again a strong semi-circular redoubt was occupied by Breyman's artillery; this protected the right flank of the entire camp; the north branch of Mill Creek formed a ravine along the left front of the camp, which thus, as in other particulars, resembled the entrenched camp of the Americans.

Strongly and skillfully posted, the two armies lay face to face from the twentieth of September until the seventh of October.

"The hum of either army still sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
Rise dreadful note of preparation."

Our army was exultant, hopeful; scarcely to be checked in its restless desire to drive the invader from the fruitful fields and deserted homes he desecrated and destroyed. Rushing out from their entrench-

ments under every plausible excuse to skirmish with the outposts of the enemy, or capture his pickets, the eager militia could with difficulty be restrained by the cautious Gates from bringing on the general engagement that he seemed quite willing to avoid.

The other camp seemed oppressed by the overhanging cloud of its impending fate. The British officers, perpetually on the alert, were unable to secure a single night of undisturbed repose; the men bore with quiet but sullen fortitude the privations and hardships of short rations, hurried snatches of sleep under full accoutrements, and constant calls to arms. More and more vivid to all grew the vision of that impassable wall of difficulties that enclosed them on all sides, leaving but one narrow pathway to the north; and even that was being closed by an active detachment of Americans from Lincoln's command. They had surprised the British garrisons at Lake George and Ticonderoga, and had regained all the outer defences of the latter place; had captured gun-boats and batteaux, and taken three hundred prisoners.

News of this calamity soon reached Burgoyne, yet he had some compensation in a gleam of hope that reached him from the South at the same time. A letter from Sir Henry Clinton was received, informing him that on the twentieth he would attack the forts below the Highlands, and attempt a further ascent of the river. Two officers in disguise were immediately dispatched in return to inform Clinton of the critical position of Burgoyne's army, and urge him to hasten to its assistance. Clinton was also assured that Burgoyne would endeavor to hold his present position until the twelfth of October.

Lincoln, who, with a large body of militia, now joined the army at Bemis Heights, was placed in command of the right wing. Gates took command of the left, of which Arnold had been dispossessed. The latter had remained in camp, waiting patiently for a collision between the hostile armies.

As Burgoyne's situation became day by day more critical, and he received no news from Clinton, on the fourth of October he called Generals Riedesel, Phillips and Frazer together in council. Riedesel was strongly in favor of a retreat to Fort Edward, and Frazer conceded the wisdom of such a movement; Phillips declined to express an opinion, and Burgoyne finally declared that on the seventh he would make a reconnaissance, and if he then found the enemy too strong to be attacked, he would immediately retreat to Fort Edward, and await the cooperation of the army below.

On the sixth he had five days' rations distributed, and arranged for a reconnaissance in force on the following day. As he could not leave

his camp unprotected, he only took fifteen hundred men. They were selected from the corps of Riedesel, Frazer and Phillips. Led by these officers in person, and Burgoyne as Commander-in-Chief, they marched out of camp at eleven o'clock on the morning of the seventh, and entered a field within three-quarters of a mile of the American left. Here, in double ranks, they formed in line of battle.

On the left Williams' artillery and Ackland's grenadiers were posted, on a gentle hill in the edge of a wood that fronted on Mill Creek. Balcarras' light infantry and other English regiments formed the right: the Hessians held the centre. Frazer, with five hundred picked men, was posted to the right and front of Balcarras, where a hill skirted the meadow; he was ready to fall upon the rear of the American left at the first attack in front.

Foragers were at work in a wheat field, while the English officers reconnoitred the American left with their glasses from the top of a cabin near the field. An aid-de-camp conveyed this information to Gates, who said: "Order out Morgan to begin the game."

Morgan had already discovered Frazer's position, had divined his design, and formed his own plan. Ordering an attack to be made on Balcarras in front, he made a circuit in the woods to fall upon Frazer from the heights above. It was also arranged that General Poor should assail the grenadiers on the British left simultaneously with Morgan's attack. Learned was to check the Germans in the centre.

As the great Hudson, when suddenly loosened from his winter chains of ice, rushes with resistless force over all obstructions, so from their restraining earthworks the impetuous Americans poured furiously upon their adversaries in the front, while Morgan, like a mountain torrent, swept down the height upon Frazer's heroic band. So terrible was the onslaught that in less than twenty minutes the British were thrown into confusion. Frazer, in his brilliant uniform, on a splendid war horse, rode from side to side of the right wing, encouraging and rallying the bewildered troops, and protecting every point with his flexible five hundred.

Burgoyne, seeing the right wing in danger of being surrounded, now ordered Frazer to form a second line to cover a retreat. In attempting this manœuvre Frazer fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field.

The division under Poor, with the same impulsive vigor, dashed up the hill upon the artillery and grenadiers of the British left, and drove them from their guns. Ackland brought them back, and recaptured the

guns, which again fell into the hands of the Americans, who rapidly turned them upon the enemy, and drove them flying from the field. Ackland was wounded in both legs. He was a large, heavy man, but an officer took him on his back, and ran some distance with him. The pursuit was close, and the officer, fearing he would be captured, dropped his friend, and hurried on. Ackland now called out to the flying men that he would give fifty guineas to any man who would carry him into camp. A tall grenadier took him on his shoulders, but had not proceeded many steps when he and his helpless burden were taken prisoners.

The Hessians still held their ground in the centre. At this moment Arnold, maddened by his injuries, and excited into frenzy by the clash and roar of the battle, dashed like a meteor on the field, followed in the distance by Armstrong, Gates' aid-de-camp, carrying orders to compel his return. Stop the bison on his native plain? the swallow on its flight? More easy this than Armstrong's task. The genius of war thrilled Arnold's soul, as epic metres stir the poet, as rugged landscapes, shadowed under sunset lights, influence the artist's brain. Genius ever lives and conquers! It may be desecrated and destroyed, as Arnold buried his in ignominy; but while it lives and inspires its own peculiar work, it rules and is supreme. Men bow before it, or lie crushed beneath its power. Thus, when Arnold waved his sword, and shouted his brief commands, the genius within him rung through the tones of his voice, glanced from the quivering flash of his sabre, and the regiments followed where he led—one strong will, one palpitating force.

With two brigades he rushed upon the Hessian centre, who stood the shock bravely for a time, but as he dashed upon them again and again with a fury they had never witnessed, they turned and fled in dismay.

Burgoyne now took command in person, and the conflict became general along the whole line. Arnold and Morgan, uniting to break a strong point in the British ranks, would again separate to dash from one place to another, where orders or encouragement were necessary. Burgoyne succeeded Frazer as the conspicuous figure on the opposing side, and was seen in the thickest of the mêlée, under the heaviest fire. Several shots tore his clothing, and his aids implored him not to expose himself, but resolute and daring, he endeavored skillfully, but vainly, to rally his army, and hold his ground. He could more easily have checked a hurricane on the great prairies; his whole force was driven before the storm, and swept into their entrenched camp. Here they made a deter-

mined stand. Arnold now took Patterson's brigade, and assailed Frazer's camp, where Balcarras and his light infantry had taken refuge. Charging with renewed vigor again and again up the embankment, he led the way over a strong abattis; driven back from this, he attacked the entrenchments connecting this redoubt with Breyman's flank defence. Here he succeeded, and leaving the Massachusetts regiments to follow up the advantage at that point, he encountered a part of Learned's brigade, and dashed upon the strong works of the Hessian camp. Here, too, he drove everything before him. Capturing the cannon, the artillers fled in consternation, and Breyman was killed on the spot. Arnold's horse was shot under him; it fell on him, and his leg was severely wounded. He was carried from the field.

The whole British camp now lay exposed to the pursuing Americans. Night and silence fell upon the scene. The groans of the wounded, the muffled words of command given for the burial of the dead, and the dirge-like wailing of the autumn wind in the tall pines, were the only sounds that followed the roar of artillery and the shouts of the victors.

"A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

Ah, yes! the field of Saratoga is rich with the blood of heroes. What are the few names we have recorded compared with the unnumbered hosts who lie under the placid hills of the Hudson—or who performed upon this field unnoticed deeds of valor, and passed through life unregarded and unnamed.

While the battle raged on the heights, confusion and sorrow reigned in and around the British camp near the river. The Baroness Riedesel, who, with her little children, had joined her husband at Fort Edward, and remained with the army, was living at Taylor's house, above Wilbur's Basin. She had breakfasted with her husband at his camp on the heights, and having returned home, was awaiting his arrival with General Frazer and other officers, who were to dine with her. These pleasant anticipations were supplanted by grief and terror, when, at about two o'clock, General Frazer was brought in on a litter, desperately wounded. The table, which had been spread for dinner, was hastily put aside, and a bed prepared for him. He asked the physicians to inform him truly of his condition, and when told he could live but a few hours, he exclaimed: "O, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!" These brief words express forcibly the desires, the thoughts, and the affections of this brave man.

The Baroness, with her children and servants, and the wives of Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell, clustered despairingly together in one corner of the room where the dying General lay. The whole house was now filled with the wounded, and Madame Riedesel soon recovering her composure, was actively engaged in relieving their sufferings and comforting her afflicted companions. Information had been brought that Major Harnage was wounded, and that Lieutenant Reynell had been killed. Lady Ackland occupied a tent near by, and was soon informed that her husband was mortally wounded and a prisoner. Frequently during the succeeding night the Baroness left her sleeping children, and went to the tent of her friend, to tell her of more encouraging rumors; and she finally advised her to obtain permission to join her husband in the American camp.

At daybreak Madame Riedesel was informed that General Frazer was in his death agony; she wrapped her children in the bedclothes, and carried them in the hall, until the last sad scene should close. Then, returning to the room, she and her companions were all day long in the presence of the sheeted dead.

After midnight General Lincoln from the American camp marched on the battle field with a large body of fresh troops, to replace the exhausted victors of the previous day. Burgoyne, aware of his danger if attacked in his exposed position, now moved his whole army hurriedly, but in good order, to the river bank. Here, in gloomy desperation, they were crowded together under the redoubts, on the morning of the eighth.

The whole of this day was spent in heavy skirmishing between the hostile armies, and General Lincoln, who had not been on the field during the seventh, was now slightly wounded. At six o'clock in the evening, General Burgoyne, with Generals Riedesel and Phillips and Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, accompanied the remains of General Frazer to a large redoubt on one of the river hills, where they buried him, according to his dying request. The ladies at Taylor's house witnessed the funeral, and saw the cannon balls thrown by the Americans tear up the earth around the grave, while the funeral service was being read. In a few moments the balls ceased their flight, and the cannon only bellowed forth the melancholy roar of the minute guns. Gates had been informed of the sad office in progress; a graceful token of a soldier's sympathy.

Soon after this sad scene, Lady Ackland, with the Chaplain, her maid and her husband's valet were placed in a small boat and rowed down the river to the American camp, where she was soon united with her husband, whose wounds, though serious, were not fatal.

Burgoyne now gave orders for a full retreat of his army, to begin at nine o'clock that same night, the wounded and all heavy baggage to be left behind. General Riedesel was ordered to lead the van-guard, and push on until he crossed the Hudson at the Saratoga ford, and there take a position behind the hills at the Batten kill. A drenching rain poured upon the weary, plodding army the whole night. At Dovogat a halt was made. Burgoyne wavered and countermanded his orders. His last chance of retreat escaped him.

"In helpless indecisions lie,
The rocks on which we strike and die."

The imperious commander, who had led the forward march with unflinching resolution, pushing to his end without fear or hesitation, when foiled and sent back, for a moment shuddered, and refused to accept his fate. He still held his panic-stricken army under his will, and he determined once more to wait for the coming of the army from below; it might yet bring him relief. Starting from Dovogat at daybreak, the British moved again, but only to encamp during the day on the heights north of the Fish kill. The handsome residence of General Schuyler was burned on the way. During this time Colonel Fellows, with the American artillery, had planted his guns on the hills on the east side of the Hudson, opposite the British camp. General Stark had also taken possession of Fort Edward above. On the tenth General Gates, having waited for fine weather, followed Burgoyne to Saratoga and encamped on the south side of the Fish kill. His delay greatly endangered the detachment of Colonel Fellows, who could easily have been surrounded and captured; in fact, some of Burgoyne's officers were anxious to make the attempt, but failed to obtain permission. On the morning of the eleventh, while the autumn mist hung heavily over Fish kill and the adjacent grounds, Gates, believing that Burgoyne had continued his retreat, ordered his whole army to advance and cross the stream in pursuit. Without a reconnaissance or van-guard, the army was set in motion. The vigilant Burgoyne, having now staked his chances on delay, was waiting eagerly for any mistake on the part of his adversary. Aware of the proximity of Gates, and of his intention, he drew up his army, under cover of the dense fog in battle array, on the north side of the stream, to receive him. The American regiments under Nixon passed over and were instantly attacked; a severe contest followed, and Nixon soon discovered the British in force; using his own judgment, and disobeying orders, he retreated, and checked the further progress of the army until communication could be had with Gates.

Morgan had crossed the creek towards Saratoga Lake and, screened by the woods, posted his riflemen on the heights in the rear and flank of the British camp. This was strongly intrenched on the hill near the river, but was now entirely surrounded by the Patriots, and all communication destroyed either with the north or south; and it was soon found by the British that their camp was exposed in every part to the fire of cannon or riflemen; no approach to the river was permitted, and there was much suffering for want of water. The sick, wounded and women were huddled together in a house where cannon balls tore through the walls, and rolled across the floor, often wounding the helpless men who lay within. Madame Riedesel, with her children, and the other ladies took refuge in a cellar, where hours of horror were endured with uncomplaining misery.

Sir Henry Clinton, having obtained reinforcements from England, at last came storming up the Hudson as though he would annihilate all obstacles between himself and Burgoyne. He obtained possession of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, although they were most courageously defended by Gov. George Clinton and his brother James, who very skillfully saved their garrisons. The British easily destroyed the obstructing boom across the river, and Putnam, deceived and alarmed by their manœuvres, left the enemy to sail unmolested to Albany. Satisfied with the destruction of the American vessels, and having burned Kingston, the seat of the Government, and ravaged the stately manor houses of Livingston and other aristocratic republicans, the Englishman returned to New York, and left Burgoyne unassisted in his perilous position.

He had now only five days rations for his army, and not a spot where he could hold a council of officers in safety. On the 13th he called them together to consider their desperate condition, and there "General Burgoyne solemnly declared, that no one but himself should answer for the situation in which the army found itself." Three questions were then submitted for their consideration. "1st. Whether military history furnished any example of an army having capitulated under similar circumstances. 2d. Whether the capitulation of an army placed in such a situation would be disgraceful. 3d. Whether the army was actually in such a situation as to be obliged to capitulate." These were answered in the affirmative, and there was an unanimous declaration in favor of capitulation. The terms of surrender were then discussed. A messenger was sent to Gen. Gates, who agreed to an immediate armistice. A meeting of officers to represent the commanders of the respective armies, was arranged to take place on the spot where Gen. Schuyler's house had stood.

There seemed a poetic justice in this, considering the magnanimous spirit of Schuyler, the relentless destruction of Burgoyne, and the humiliation of the destroyer on the site of the ruin he had wrought.

The terms proposed by Burgoyne required that his army, upon its surrender, should be marched to Boston, and from there be shipped to England. Gates refused this proposition, and demanded an unconditional surrender as prisoners of war. Burgoyne rejected these terms indignantly.

The armistice ceased. Burgoyne prepared for the worst.

Gates now heard of Sir Henry Clinton at the Highlands. His fears were aroused; he despatched a message to Burgoyne, in which he agreed to almost every article of the first proposition. Burgoyne gave his assent to these terms. Some further negotiations were in progress in regard to points of minor importance. News of Sir Henry Clinton's expedition now reached Burgoyne. Again delusive hopes awoke in his heart. He hurriedly called his officers together to consider whether they could honorably withdraw from the agreement to surrender. It was decided that honor held them fast, although the papers were not signed. On the 17th of October the capitulation, or convention, as Burgoyne stipulated it should be called, received the signatures of the two commanders, Gates and Burgoyne.

The British army were now marched out of their camps, under their own officers, to a plain near old Fort Hardy, where the Fish kill empties into the Hudson. Here, in the presence of only one American, an aid-de-camp of Gates, they laid down their arms. Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel and Phillips now passed over the Fish kill to the head-quarters of Gates, who rode out to meet them, accompanied by his aids. When they met, Burgoyne said, "The fortunes of war, General, have made me your prisoner," to which Gates replied, "I shall ever be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency."

The American army were drawn up in ranks on either side of the road. The whole army of British prisoners, preceded by a guard bearing the stars and stripes, and a band playing Yankee Doodle, were marched between the files of their victors.

Gates and Burgoyne stood contemplating the scene. In the presence of both armies, General Burgoyne stepped out, and drawing his sword from its scabbard, presented it to General Gates; he received it, and silently returned it to the vanquished General.

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH

PHILIP LIVINGSTON

NEW YORK DELEGATE IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, 1774-1777

It is commendable that each generation in our Republic should be solicitous for preserving a recollection of the achievements of a renowned ancestry. The authors of our independence will ever deserve the highest rank in the veneration of posterity. Philip Livingston was descended from an illustrious family in the State of New York. His great-grandfather, John Livingston, was a celebrated divine in the Church of Scotland, who emigrated to Rotterdam, where he died in 1672. His grandfather, Robert, about 1680 came to America, and obtained a grant for the manor of Livingston. His father, Philip, was heir to this manor, as the eldest son, and Philip, the subject of this sketch, himself the fourth son, was born at Albany, New York, on the 15th day of January, 1716. Institutions of learning were then few, and those could be easily counted in the entire Colony who had enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education. By virtue of his exalted family station, Philip was sent to Yale College, Connecticut, where he graduated in 1737. He turned his attention to commercial pursuits as a young man, and a career of extraordinary prosperity attested the wisdom of his choice of occupation.

His first appearance in public life was in 1754, when he was elected Alderman in the City of New York, which place then contained a population of only ten thousand, and for nine years he was annually elected to this post by the free suffrages of his fellow-citizens. He was elected from New York City to the new House of Assembly for the Colony, which convened on January 31st, 1759, at the City of New York, and consisted of twenty-seven members. At this time Great Britain was at war with France, and Philip Livingston, in his legislative capacity, with patriotic loyalty, rendered illustrious service to the mother country in the raising and the equipment of the quota of New York for the subjugation of Canada. Before the death of King George II., a new General Assembly of the Colony was chosen, which convened on the 10th of March, 1761, in the city of New York, to which Philip Livingston was again returned as a member. At a meeting thereof on the 11th of September, 1764, Mr. Livingston, in his legislative capacity, reported an answer to the Lieutenant-Governor, Cadwallader Colden,

which, in the following passage, may be said to have politically fired the first gun of the American Revolution: "We hope," said Livingston, "your Honor will join with us in an endeavor to secure that great badge of English liberty, of being taxed only with our own consent, to which we conceive all his majesties subjects, at home and abroad, equally entitled to." He was elected Speaker of the new General Assembly that met on the 27th of October, 1768, and herein, the whig party being in the ascendant, opposition was soon manifested by speeches and resolutions against the assumptions of Great Britain, which was the germ of that great Revolution which was soon to follow. This Assembly was in consequence thereof dissolved by the Royal Governor, Sir Henry Moore, on the 2d of January, 1769. To the new General Assembly, which convened April 4th, 1769, Philip Livingston was returned again, this time not from New York, but from the Manor of Livingston. On account of his opposition to the usurpations of the English Parliament, which opposition now became frank and outspoken, he was marked for ministerial vengeance, and was expelled from his seat in the Assembly on the frivolous ground that he was a non-resident of the Manor of Livingston; and thus terminated forever his legislative career in the General Assembly of his Province while under the British Crown.

Mr. Livingston was chosen as a member from New York to the first Congress, that met at Philadelphia on the 5th September, 1774; was again returned by a Convention held in New York City on the 22d of April, 1775. In this Congress, at Philadelphia, on the 4th day of July, 1776, Philip Livingston, on behalf of the Province of New York, together with his colleagues, William Floyd, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris, declared his adhesion, and together with the other delegates at a later period affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence; and for the success of the political principles he then and there endorsed, pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor. On the 13th day of May, 1777, he was re-elected to the Continental Congress. But his engagement in this national body did not release him from legislative employment at home. On the 20th of April, 1777, the Constitution of the State of New York was adopted, and Mr. Livingston was chosen a State Senator by its authority, and as such attended the first meeting of the first Legislature of the State of New York. On the 2d of October, 1777, with four others, viz: James Duane, Francis Lewis, William Duer, and Governeur Morris, he was elected by the State Legislature to Congress, they being the first delegates chosen under the State Constitution just adopted.

This veteran in the cause of the people died on the 12th day of June, 1778, at York, Pennsylvania, where Congress was then assembled, the British being in possession of Philadelphia. He died at his post of duty and of danger with his harness on. He devoted the last hours of an illustrious life to the service of his country, then literally passing through the "valley of the shadow of death."

Congress promptly adopted the usual resolutions of respect to the memory of the deceased. The political character of Mr. Livingston was fitly supplemented by traits of marked benevolence. As early as 1754 he was prominent in an effort to establish a public library, which was finally incorporated in 1772. He was one of the first governors of a hospital in New York City, chartered in 1771, also among the founders of the Chamber of Commerce in 1770, and was a leading spirit in the birth of King's, now called Columbia College. In many, if not all, of these enterprises he was associated with, and aided by, his brother, William Livingston, afterwards Governor of the State of New Jersey; by his cousin, Robert R. Livingston, the celebrated jurist, and the son of Robert, the uncle of Philip; and by another cousin, Dr. John H. Livingston, one of the most eminent clergymen of his day, and the son of Gilbert, also an uncle of Philip. These men were all giants in their day, and gave to the name of Livingston a celebrity that it has retained through a century. Colonel Dierck Ten Broeck was the father of Christina, who became the wife of Philip Livingston, and who survived him, after having shared with him the honors and trials of nearly half a century. Philip Livingston was not a brilliant man, but as a guide and counselor he was a safe man. He was not a great orator, but still he moved men by a power greater than eloquence—a conviction in the sincerity of his motives. He was born for a generation that needed him, particularly for that unswerving and unpurchasable fidelity which illustrated his life more than did any aggressive force of character or any bold execution of his or of the plans of others. He was a faithful and firm patriot, a cool and sagacious representative, a generous and unselfish citizen, an avowed and tried christian, and an honored and an honest man. The labors of himself and of his associates in the cause of independence demand and receive our grateful homage. For the grand results of their lives, see the progress—for their epitaphs, read the annals of the Republic. The nation stands to-day, at once their monument and their eulogy.

ETHAN ALLEN.

NOTE.—A sketch prepared for the Congress of Authors, which met at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Saturday, July 2, 1876.

NARRATIVE OF
THE PRINCE DE BROGLIE
TRANSLATED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS
BY E. W. BALCH

Part III

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I left therefore with the purpose of travelling, as comfortably as possible, the hundred and twenty miles which separated me from the army. My route was through a glorious country and over an excellent road. I was alone with two valets, so that nothing forbade me from indulging in my own reflections. I considered with pleasure this new-born people and their country. From time to time I passed points from which the view was imposing. I traversed immense forests whose numerous products attested the fertility of the soil. At every two or three leagues I met with villages, well-built, where no trace of poverty was visible. The inhabitants well clad, tall, strong, already proud of the liberty which they had regained, completely decided me in favor of a country which seemed to nourish them so thoroughly, and the sight of a great number of very pretty female faces in no ways spoiled the picture. Such were the pleasant thoughts and agreeable sights which filled up all my journey.

I stopped to dine and to spend the night, and everywhere I was received with genuine hospitality. I liked to converse with the masters of the household. They were too polite to notice the imperfect manner in which I spoke their language. We dined together without ceremony, and whenever the hostess

was pretty I kissed her, without waiting for the husband to formally request me to do so. These little caresses, and the careful courtesy, which I always used in speaking of political affairs and public papers with my hosts, generally obtained for me the best chamber in the house, and also, what is very rare here, I was given for my bed fresh sheets which had been used by no other gentleman, and I exhibited so much aversion for sleeping in company, that I obtained the further privilege of not being awakened during the night by some unknown arrival.

All these little performances, of which in France we make no account, are great favors in America, where neatness is not as yet as well established as freedom.

From this short account of the manner in which my days were spent, I hope that even those folks who take a personal interest in me, need give themselves no anxiety about my lot during the four days which I took to reach the Hudson. I went through Bristol, Trenton, Princeton, Somerset, Morristown, Brompton and some other cities, for every hamlet is called "city" in America.

I passed the Hudson River at King's Ferry with a pretty high wind, and although the bark which had been given me for my horses and myself was considered very staunch, yet as it shipped an immense quantity of water I was delighted to quit it. This majestic and superb river is about six hundred feet (French) broad in this place. Its bed is hemmed in by high mountains, which by the variety of their forms offer views wild but imposing. Ships of seventy-four guns ascend the river to Stoney

Point, near to King's Ferry, where there are bars which permit vessels of only sixty-four guns to pass. Vessels of this last draft can, with the aid of good pilots, go up the Hudson to within ten miles of Albany to a place called Red Hook, where there is a bar which stops even frigates. Only sloops can pass this bar and go about twenty miles further up. The source of the Hudson is somewhere to the west of Lake George, and it empties into the sea at New York.

On landing, I found the American army camped in a place called Verplancks' Point. It consisted of about six thousand men, who for the first time since the beginning of the war were decently uniformed, well-armed, properly equipped, and camped in tents of a regular model. I passed through all the camp with pleasure, astonishment and admiration. All the soldiers seemed to me well looking, robust and well-chosen. The sentinels were well equipped, very attentive, sufficiently well disciplined in the use of their arms, and so strong was the contrast with the incorrect notions I had formed concerning these troops, that I was obliged frequently to say to myself, that I beheld in this army the same which formerly had no other uniform than a cap, on which was written Liberty.

I noticed on a little hill which looked over the camp an assemblage of tents, which I recognized easily as the quarters of General Washington. Despite the natural impatience which I had to see this famous man, yet as I knew no one who could present me to him, I contented myself with approaching as near

as possible to his establishment, for the purpose of beholding him in case he came forth. I continued my route to present myself at the camp of the French army distant about fourteen miles, that is about five French leagues. I arrived at Crampond about four o'clock in the afternoon and I found the Generals [French] at table.

On the morrow I was received in the brilliant post of "Second-Colonel," and as there was nothing to do, I soon found myself as well informed and as well up in my work as any of the warriors of Yorktown.

I begged General de Rochambeau, who received me with great kindness, to have the goodness to present me to General Washington. He promised to do so, and the second day after my arrival, he took me to dine with that distinguished gentleman. I handed him a letter from my Father, and was received with a gracious "shake-hands," accompanied by many polite and flattering things kindly spoken.

I give his portrait, which I have drawn from what I saw myself, and what I heard from others concerning him.

The General is now about forty-nine years of age. He is tall, nobly built and very well proportioned. His face is much more agreeable than represented in his portrait. He must have been much handsomer three years ago, and although the gentlemen who have remained with him during all that time say that he seems to have grown much older, it is not to be denied that the General is still as fresh and active as a young man.

His physiognomy is mild and open. His accost is cold although polite. His

pensive eyes seem more attentive than sparkling; but their expression is benevolent, noble and self-possessed. In his private conduct, he preserves that polite and attentive good breeding which satisfies everybody, and that dignified reserve which offends no one. He is a foe to ostentation and to vain-glory. His temper is always even. He has never testified the least humor. Modest even to humility, he does not seem to estimate himself at his true worth. He receives with perfect grace all the homages which are paid him, but he evades them rather than seeks them. His company is agreeable and winning. Always serious, never abstracted, always simple, always easy and affable without being familiar, the respect which he inspires is never oppressive. He speaks but little in general, and that in a subdued tone, but he is so attentive to what is said to him, that being satisfied he understands you perfectly, one is disposed to dispense with any answer. This behaviour has been very useful to him on numerous occasions. Nobody has greater necessity than he to act with circumspection, and to carefully weigh his words.

To an unalterable tranquility of soul he joins a most exact judgment, and the utmost with which he has been reproached is a little tardiness in his determination and even in the execution of his decisions, when once he has made them.

His courage is calm yet brilliant, but to appreciate in a satisfactory manner the real extent of his talents and his ability as a great and warlike captain, I think one should have seen him at the

head of a greater army, with greater means than he has had, and opposed to an enemy less his superior.

At least one cannot fail to give him the title of an excellent patriot, of a wise and virtuous man, and one is in fact tempted to ascribe to him all good qualities, even those that circumstances have not yet permitted him to develop.

Mr. Washington's first military services were against the French in the War for Canada. He had no opportunity for distinguishing himself, and after the defeat of Braddock, the war having crossed the river St. Lawrence, and the Virginia militia of which he was Colonel having been sent home, he was not kept in active service; whereupon he retired to his plantation where he lived like a philosopher.

His estate was quite distant from the seat of the English government, the real hot-bed of the insurrection; and his wise character withheld him still further from mixing in its movements, so that he had but little share in the first troubles.

On the breaking out of hostilities with the mother-country, every body wished a chief who joined a profound sagacity to the advantage of having had military experience. All eyes turned toward Washington, and he was unanimously called to the command of the army. The course of events justified the choice. Never was there a man better fitted to command the Americans, and his conduct throughout developed the greatest foresight, steadiness and wisdom.

Mr. Washington received no pay as General; refused it as not needing it. The expenses of his table only are paid by the State. Every day he has about

thirty persons to dinner. He gives good military fare, and is very civil towards all the officers admitted to his table. It is ordinarily the moment of the day when he is the most cheerful.

At dessert he eats an enormous quantity of nuts, and when the conversation is entertaining he keeps eating through a couple of hours, from time to time giving sundry healths, according to the English and American custom. It is what they call "toasting." They always begin by drinking to the United States of America; after that to the King of France, then to the Queen of France, then to the success of the allied armies, after which, what they call a sentiment is sometimes given; for example, to our success over our enemies and with the beauties—to our triumphs in war and in love.

I toasted very often with the General, and amongst others on one occasion I proposed to drink to the Marquis de Lafayette, whom he regards as his own child. He accepted with a benevolent smile, and had the politeness to respond by proposing the health of my father and my wife.

General Washington appeared to me to maintain a perfect demeanor towards the officers of his army. He treats them with great politeness, but they are far from attempting any familiarity with him. All of them, on the contrary, exhibit towards their General an air of respect, of confidence and of admiration.

General Gates, famous for the capture of Burgoyne and for his reverses at Camden, commanded this year one of the wings of the American army. I saw him at the house of General Washing-

ton, with whom he had had a misunderstanding. I was present at their first interview after the disagreement. To narrate the details of this variance would be to long for insertion here.

DIARY OF

MAJOR ERKURIES BEATTY

PAYMASTER IN THE WESTERN ARMY

MAY 15, 1786, TO JUNE 5, 1787

Part III

September 1—Rode down this small branch of Licking to its mouth 8 or 9 miles and crossed the South Branch of Licking River. Breakfasted at one McClellans at about 11 o'clock, 15 miles from Grants. Arrived at Main Licking which is about 15 miles further, crossed it and stopped at Col Lyons who lives here and boils salt at the Big blue lick which is close by the river side in a great bend of the river—the south branch of this river has very little water in it but this is a very pretty stream—forded it—there are only four or five cabins here which people occupy to boil salt—at present there are about 100 kettles boiling but the spring is large enough to afford water to boil 1000 kettles or more I suppose. The water issuing from the spring is very blue; that and the boiling of the kettles has a very particular effluvia arising from it which smells like the salt marshes on the sea shore, but stronger—they have their kettles fixed in kind of furnaces in a place underneath to keep fire in, and 8 kettles in each furnace, two and two—Col Lyon says it will take about four men to supply 100 kettles with wa-

ter and fire and about as many more to keep them in wood if it is pretty convenient, himself boils 32 kettles and makes from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of salt in the 24 hours; they boil night and day except Sunday and he sells this salt from 3 to 4 dollars a bushel—upon a Calculation it takes about 120 Gallons of this water to make one Gallon of Salt—his kettles hold 10 or 12 Gallons of water each. The Salt when made is very white and fine, and better they say to preserve meat than the imported, owing to the quality of Nitre in it.

September 2—Staid to eat Breakfast with Col Lyons, who is a gentleman from the lower parts of Virginia and treated us with a great deal of Politeness and attention—told us many extraordinary stories of the numbers of Buffaloes that formerly resorted to this Salt Spring. That one man enumerated 500 head in one view at the Spring, and suppose he did not reckon one fourth he saw adjacent to it— Shewed us large roads cut Several feet in the earth and as large as common highways made by Buffaloes coming to the Springs—and what few trees there are on the hills close by the Spring ready to fall down by the Buffaloes taking shelter under them from the sun and treading the earth from their roots. These reports he has from people who have been here before him, and dont doubt it has been a great resort for these animals on account of the Salt Water, and a number of them has been killed here as appears by the number of their skulls now strewed about the place. Here a very severe Battle was fought in the year 1779 or 1780 between a few of the Militia of Kentucke and a superior num-

ber of Indians in which the Militia was defeated and lost near one hundred men killed— Col Lyons bid us beware of Indians between this and Limestone as there was a boy and two negroes taken off by them the night before last from a Station within a few miles of the road we are to go and about ten miles from Limestone—but the people all thro Kentucke telling us our danger all along the road makes this kindly caution very familiar to us— Crossed the North Fork of Licking about 15 miles from the Blue Licks—little or no water in it—4 miles further we came to a quite nice village called Washington within five miles of Limestone— These people first began to build this place entirely in the Woods last Christmas and now I suppose there is 40 houses in it, chiefly indifferent Log ones and rather scattered, have sunk some wells here with success— Dined and arrived at Limestone at 5 o'clock where we found our Boat in waiting, having got here this morning—from Lexington to the Blue Licks is reckoned 40 miles, and to Limestone 23 further—making in the whole from Louisville to Limestone, the road we came, about 183 miles, pretty good waggon road all the way; there is a nearer road to Louisville by 30 miles to turn off to the right of Lexington and go by Leestown, but more dangerous and not so good a road.

What is called *Kentucke*, and what a number of settlers is now endeavouring to obtain a separation from the parent state Virginia and be Independent, I understand is to be bounded by Big Sandy river and the Cumberland Mountains on the East, by the South boundary line of Virginia on the South and by the Ohio

river on the North and West. In the latter end of the year 1779 this whole extent of country only contained 170 souls and now they say there are 30,000 in it; however from the best calculation I can make and the accounts I get from different people in the country I cant think there exceeds 25,000 souls of every description, a great many of them negroes and transient trading persons, so I suppose there is not more than 5,000 fighting men that can be depended on. It at present is divided into seven counties viz *Jefferson, Nelson, Mercer, Madison, Lincoln, Fayette and Bourbon.* The people in General are better than ever I knew to settle in a new country. There are some from every state in the Union particularly from North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania; Virginia gave great encouragement for the settling this country—every man who raised corn here in the year 1780 held by right 400 acres and *la préemption* for 1000 more, but what are now called Capital Land holders in this country own from 100 to 120 thousand acres. The people in general are very indolent in respect to cultivating their land, perhaps it is owing to their holding too great a quantity or the disturbance occasioned by the frequent incursions the Savages make in their country. What they chiefly raise is Indian Corn which they make their bread of—some Wheat, Rye, Oats &c. Tobacco they raise a good deal and would raise a great deal more if there was any consumption for it, also Hemp flax &c. They seem generally to have a most excellent breed of Horses, which they take great pains in Raising; all kinds of stock is easily raised and comes to

great perfection. They raise great abundance of Hogs, as you will see 100 or 150 in a drove running apparently wild in the woods. The town of Louisville is rather unhealthy particularly in August and September when a kind of fever and ague rages and makes the countenances of all the people appear yellow and wan, which I imagine generally arises from the badness of the water they drink. The Land on Bear Grass and as far as Sullivan's old station is very fine, chiefly bottom and timbered with very large Beach, some Oak and Elm; from this station the land is very Ridgy and a thin gravelly soil to Bardstown, all cut to pieces with water courses without any water in them except standing pools, which I saw the people drinking after it was perfectly green—dont wonder they are all sick; even Salt River which we crossed had scarcely any running water in it—but the least showers of rain cause a torrent in all these courses—some good bottoms but small on Salt river. The Land middling good just about Bardstown, and until you get near Danville is much the same as before you get to Bardstown; most miserable watered—about Danville it is very good and some well improved farms near it. The waters of Kentucke which you now come on is much more steady than the other streams and the land better. Some cane grows on the land near Danville and on. You would imagine the country in general very low till you come to Dick's river and the Kentucke which has amazing stupendous banks and very rapid; from Kentucke river to Lexington the land is very fine indeed; well watered, timbered and a great deal of cane,

people looks and is a great deal more healthy in and near Lexington. The land continues very fine till you get on the waters of Licking river; some pretty good I understand on the south Fork and a good many settlers on it but there is not scarcely an acre fit for cultivation at the Blue Licks, and Col Lyons tells me the Land generally on Licking river is very indifferent all the way to its mouth and no settlers on it. On the North Fork of Licking, where we passed, is some fine Cane Land and so on to Limestone; some good stations and well improved farms round Limestone 8 or 10 miles. Stations is the manner in which the country was first settled; that is a number of families collected in one place, built their huts adjoining each other and stockaded them in for their common defence and improved only all together 3 or 400 acres of Land just enough for their bare subsistence. It is only since the conclusion of the war they have scattered themselves in the country. A stranger must not judge of the number of the Inhabitants from those he sees settled on the road side; for the road is carried thro the most high and hilly part of the country which is not so fit for cultivation as the more interior part. A great inconvenience the settlers at present undergo is the want of mills to grind their grain, owing in some parts of the settlements to want of water and in general the country being too young; however in Villages they have generally Horse mills which grind for the community. In private families they have hand mills with which they grind their corn &c as they want it. At Lexington we had the account confirmed of the Indians carrying

off the Boy and two negroes, by the Boy's father who has just returned from making every search after the savages; he is a Mr Clarke who appears amazingly distressed for the loss of his favorite child and offers one hundred pounds to any person who will restore him, which from his responsibility and respectability, he is very able to pay.

September 3—After detaching the Corporal and one man we had extra in our boat to return with our horses to Louisville, we set off ourselves in our Boat at 12 o'clock and lay all night near the third Island 20 miles above Limestone.

September 4—Rowed on to the mouth of Sciota opposite which we lay all night on the Bar that puts off from S E shore.

September 5—Went about 30 miles today and anchored out.

September 6—Arrived at Guyandot this evening and lay all night off its mouth in rapid water—obliged to make fast to a sawyer.

September 7—Pushed hard this day for Great Kenhawa, in the afternoon found our provisions almost exhausted and put every man on board to allowance— In the evening the men begged to go on and arrived at Great Kenhawa about 10 o'clock.

September 8—Left Kenhawa 10 o'clock and lay all night about 6 miles below the little falls.

September 9—Passed the little falls which is now very perceiveable as the water is very low—only one small pitch, and on the whole they are very trifling. Lay all night about 6 miles below Devil hole Creek.

September 10—Got to Flyns station a little before 12 o'clock and Breakfasted

—lay all night at the lower end of the large Island just below little Kenhawa.

September 11—Arrived at Muskingham between one and two o'clock where we found every person happy to see us—and I never had a more agreeable tour than this I experienced in company with Maj North—found that Col Harmar has detached Capt Hearts Company to join Maj Hamtramck with the Surveyors and that they have been a good deal surprised here by an Indian coming in and saying that the Indians were all collected in the Shawness towns and intended a descent on this place—The Colonel to prevent a surprise has ordered the two companies to parade every morning at reveille beating and remain one hour under arms in occupying the fort—Mrs Harmar and Dav McDowell and his Lady have arrived in my absence, also one six pounder, one 5½ inch Howitz and a little wrought-iron three pounder, have got some of the Bastions with platforms to mount them in.

September 17—Left Muskingham with Maj North about 2 o'clk and went to the head of the first Island about 5 miles and lay all night.

September 18—Lay this night on the 1st Island in the long reach, our men being from Captain Strong's Company did not row well.

September 19—Got this day a little ways above Fish Creek and lay all night.

September 20—Stopped a little while at Grave Creek—went to see the Big grave found all the houses evacuated, apparently in great disorder, leaving their furniture &c all distributed about, which made us apprehensive they were drove off by the Indians; went 6 miles above

here, lay all night at a house which had very lately been left—staid ourselves and kept sentries all night.

September 21—Halted at Wheelin where we found the people from below all assembled being much surprised by some Indians appearing among them a few days ago at their settlements—building a Fort here to defend themselves. Many rumours of a great number of Indians speedily expected to attack them—Lay about 10 miles above Wheelin all night.

September 22—Stopped at a small Block house to-day on the Indian shore which Maj Hamtramck had built for the security of his provisions while he was out protecting the Continental Surveyors. Saw here Capt Mills the Commissary and Mr. Hoops a Surveyor, who told us that they expected the troops and all the Surveyors in, on account of an alarm they had received from the Indian towns. Arrived to-night within about three miles of Yellow Creek.

September 23—Lay to-night about 7 miles below McIntosh.

September 24—Breakfasted at McIntosh where we found the chief of Capt Fergusons Comp'y (a few being at Fort Pitt) and himself. Maj Hamtramck's command, consisting of his own company, Capt Hearts, Capt Mercers, and Capt McCurdys—Mrs McCurdy is here and in a very bad state of health; left here and went about half way to Fort Pitt.

September 25—Sett out early in the morning, arrived at Fort Pitt at 2 o'clock, where Capt Ashton commanded with a few men of Capt Fergusons Comp'y; a very tedious passage, the men not being accustomed to the business fatigued them

very much—Stayed here some days to recruit my horse which I found in very bad order at Wheelin, on my way up I had him sent across to Fort Pitt with my boy— Pittsburgh is a very dissipated place as usual, chiefly owing I believe to the number of strangers continually passing and repassing, yet the lower class of people in this place scarcely does any thing else but drink whisky. No dependence to be put on any tradesmen, altho very indifferent in their professions.

September 30—Agreeable to my orders from Col Harmar, to set out for New York as soon as possible on public business, left Pittsburgh this day in company with Maj North and got to Harmars town at night—to Bridges the next night—to Andersons next night—stayed some time in Bedford and went to Juniata next night, breakfasted at McDonalds foot of Sideling hill next morning where Maj North and I parted, myself regretting much the want of his company, as he and I had traveled some time and a great ways together, and I never in my life experienced a more agreeable traveling companion; from the great fund of humor, good sense, pertinent remarks, and volubility of words, he made himself agreeable to all around him, and passed away the tedious days in coming up the river all the way from the falls of Ohio in perfect pleasantry. I being obliged here to go thro the Big Cover he could not accompany me but appointed a day to go into New York together; soon after I left Major North, a young country fellow but meanly dressed overtook me, accompanied by a very handsome young girl dressed very genteel, I did not at all understand this phenom-

ena, to see so well dressed a girl in this country among the mountains, riding a good horse, saddle, &c, and gallanted by such a dirty looking fellow; it looked strange, but he soon unveiled his story by telling me he lived in a cabin I had seen on the road side two or three miles back, and this was his sister who had come on a visit to him from the upper parts of Conogochague where she lived with a relation, and as he had not time to accompany her all the way home begged if I was going that road to wait upon her; I with pleasure agreed to his request and we all rode on together to Dickeys tavern 10 miles from McDonalds, when he returned, leaving his sister entirely in my charge. Eat my breakfast here and politely asked her to breakfast with me, but she said she had eaten with her brother at his house. Set off together, found her very sociable, which induced me to ask her name which her brother had forgot to inform me off; that led me to inquire where she came from &c all of which she answered very candidly and good natured, said her name was Bella Barclay, that she was only about two years from Ireland and lived with her uncle in Conococheague I endeavored then to sport with her good nature and ignorance, as I conceived, but soon found that she did not deserve the character I had formed of her, but seemed very well informed of her country she had solately left, had received a tolerable education which her own genius had much improved by reading a great many Authors; I was foiled in every attack upon her and that with a great deal of humor and good nature—then I wished for my old companion Maj North who would have en-

joyed her company with tenfold the satisfaction that I could, and have been much more pleasing to me— In either religion, Philosophy, or History—she got the better of me. The day being warm I found myself a good deal fatigued in walking over the lone mountains altho much improved by the Inhabitants on the N W Side, and we stopped at the Thorns tavern which is just at the foot of the mountain. After getting over it, where I endeavoured to treat her very genteel with plenty of good Toddy and Grog—but her prudence would not suffer her to drink more than was of service to her, and not any to me, altho she was exceeding warm; rode a few miles further with her into Conococheague often supporting a curious conversation till she was obliged to part from me by going off the main road to her uncles. She seemed much to regret the loss of my company as well as I did of hers. My curiosity was led to ask her a great many impertinent questions, during our being together, which she answered with very good nature and freedom—and never once did she seem any way concerned who I was, where I was going &c— Stopped at Mr McDowell's expecting to see Ens McDowell but as he was not at home only staid to dine and rode to Chambersburgh— Rained exceeding hard last night and still continued; set off early to cross a branch of Conococheague before it rose—got over it with difficulty. Breakfasted at Sheppersburgh and dined waiting for the rain to stop, which seemed to abate; about two o'clock, set out but soon rained as hard as ever; got to Alexanders tavern exceeding wet again—staid here all

night—Rode to Carlisle this morning to breakfast; staid here all day; in the afternoon Maj North came up who had been detained one day in the Horp Valley by the high waters. I being obliged to go thro Yorktown Maj North set out for Harrisburgh, to go by the way of Reading to New York, without calling at Philadelphia. Stayed all night at Yorktown, set off early the next morning and arrived in Lancaster at 2 o'clock where I found Major North at dinner, having altered his mind. My business detained me here all day—Maj North set off immediately after dinner. Next morning I set out in company with Gen Hand and lodged all night at the Sign of the Ship and the next evening

October 11—Arrived at Philadelphia. Much detained in this journey by the excessive rains, which raised all the rivers surprisingly, carrying away bridges, mills, and every thing before it; had to swim my horse over a number of streams. Even the stone bridge over Codenes in the middle of Yorktown was swept away, along with many houses. Stayed in Philadelphia only two or three days: spent two days with my brother at Princeton and got to New York.

SPANISH NAVAL EXPEDITION TO NEW ORLEANS, 1769

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY
SEÑOR DON JOSÉ ANTONIO DE
ARMONA MURGA

In the possession of Don Hilario Cisneros

This year, on the day of St. John at five o'clock in the evening, appeared at Havana the Mariscal de Campo, Conde de

O'Reilly, in a frigate commanded by Don Juan Tomaséo, which had been fitted out with the greatest dispatch at Cadiz and sent to sea. As her arrival was wholly unexpected it created universal surprise, and all the more because of some orders which the Count sent in from sea as soon as he came in sight of the Castle Morro.

He dispatched a gig on shore with his first adjutant, Don Miguel Knavesbrough, with orders to the General in command of the post to call upon sundry persons and inform them in his behalf that he expected to meet them that night at the house of the General, when he would communicate certain intelligence; he also advised Bucareli of his immediate visit and directed him to invite to a *junta* at his house that very night, the General of Marine, Don Juan Antonio de la Colina and the Intendente Conde de Macuriges, and informed him that at the *junta* he would show the orders which he brought from the King, to accomplish which arrangements must be discussed and settled without a moment of delay. The Adjutant came also to my house and gave me a verbal message, informing me that he had also to place in my hands a secret despatch from the Marquis de Grimaldi, Minister of State.

O'Reilly had always been very popular in the Island. This news once spread, the whole population came down to the shore to witness his landing in such numbers that it was difficult to open a way for him to reach the house of the Governor. The *junta* met, and later the order, of which I have spoken was given to me; and we agreed together that I

should go some morning early to his house to take his views.

The real object of his coming was disclosed in an order, of which copies were distributed, commanding him to stop at Havana, and afterwards at the Kingdom of New Spain, to inspect the troops of each, on whom and their perfect condition the King relied for the security and defence of his dominions in any event.

The aim of the expedition was New Orleans; his orders were to punish four or six Frenchmen who had been the leaders of the insurrection of that Colony, which a few years previous had been ceded by the King of France to the Crown of Spain; to establish and secure peace there. It was of importance that this should not transpire, that the principal criminals might be surprised and seized by a coup-de-main.

The Governor in Chief of the Colony, the Chief of the Squadron, Don Antonio Ulloa, had fled from there to Havana, with his wife, his children, and as many as twenty persons of his family, all of whom I received in my house at the time, as it was in my power to give them a frank and friendly reception. A few days later he embarked for Spain, visited the Court to report what had occurred, and in consequence the sudden military operation was undertaken and very properly entrusted to O'Reilly, because of his reputation and well known zeal.

The *junta*, in order to avoid inquiry, which always arises where many different orders are given to different officers, consented that the Conde de O'Reilly should have power to take such action in the Port and Bay as he saw fit; to select

the number of transports necessary; to pick out the troops and detachments which should supply them; artillery, powder, balls, provisions and necessary stores; and in order that he should meet with no delay, appointed a private conference with the Governor to smooth over any difficulty which might arise.

The General commanding was delighted with this arrangement, because he disliked to give half way orders. The commandant of the Marine took upon himself to select, equip and arm a frigate of his squadron, to take the head of the maritime expedition, with the assurance that (working night and day,) it would be ready the 15th of July, and that it should be of a draught to enter the Belize at the mouth of the Mississippi river, where the water is shallow, and the bottom extremely dangerous because of the fallen timber and whole trees which the river brings down in its rapid currents.

Bucareli, in his private conference, said to the Count that he was his friend, and that he could not refrain from informing him at least that he had received orders from the King to hold such troops, artillery and stores as he should deem necessary for the defence of his Post in the Island. That, on the assurance of this, he had pledged himself to the King to defend the Island; that the orders presented and read to the *junta* were not sufficient for him, and that in the present situation he could not hold himself responsible to his Majesty for his own defence, with the amount of information in his possession, and that if he brought no more direct orders, the expedition could not be made, at least in so far as affected his command as Governor.

O'Reilly was prepared for this. He presented another secret order addressed to the Governor by the Baylio, Don Julian de Arriaga, informing him that the King expected him to give all requisite assistance to carry out his mission, which would be but of short duration; and that he looked to him beyond all others to supply the aid the Count should require to achieve his purpose.

This done, the next day the Count began of himself to issue such orders as he deemed necessary; he gave notice that at the latest he must sail with *every thing ready*, in a month from his arrival; that is, on the 24th of July, early in the morning, at which time he should head his ship for sea.

The Marquis of Grimaldi instructed me, in the order which O'Reilly delivered to me, to give to this General every aid possible from the mail vessels, their crews and supplies, and the money of the treasury. Its date was of the 10th April. But that very night I received another *secret order* in the handwriting of that Minister himself, bearing date the 20th of the same month. In this he apprised me of the secret of the expedition to New Orleans, and informed me that he gave me the only information he could about it; that it must be understood that the King particularly desired that no interruption should occur in the monthly maritime mails in all directions, and that in the assistance rendered, there should be no diminutions of the regular money remittances for his treasury at Coruña and the requirements of the Ministry.

It is necessary to state here that from this port of Coruña the mail vessel for May sailed to Havana, by which I re-

ceived this last order; it crossed O'Reilly in the waters of Porto Rico, who fearing that the mail ship might arrive before him, as a faster sailer, and thinking that some word or notice of his expedition might go by it, ordered the captain to sail at his stern, and go ahead on no account whatever. The captain, Don Antonio de Villa, refused to comply, and the Count repeated it to him; but he would not obey except under force. Two shotted guns were fired, when he yielded instantly and shortened sail.

Thus he entered Havana after the frigate. The captain delivered his papers, and I, following the instructions received in the new order, governed myself by it in the conference with O'Reilly, taking prudential measures beforehand.

The 25th of June O'Reilly despatched his adjutants to the Bay to embargo the greater part of the vessels there at anchor, large and small, whether loaded, discharged or half discharged.

The active General was about in all directions, was everywhere to be seen, talked with everybody, and always with an inconceivable vivacity, with a demoniac fire rarely met with. Every night there was a meeting of his adjutants at the house of the Governor, and there, in public, written reports were made (each separately), of all that each had done during the day; others gave him information by word of mouth, and to each he gave verbal orders as to what he should do the following day; each was approved or condemned in such things as he found them wanting in sufficient activity, and they went out each night with censure or approbation.

This sort of thing went on for eight whole days and nights, until the begin-

ning of July; and in the entire eight days nothing had been done; the Bay and its shipping had been thrown into a turmoil absolutely incredible, and everything was at a stand still.

The Governor held his court every night before the Count began to hold his. He gave the *health* and retired to another room with two or three friends, so as not to interfere with him in any way. But from that room he could see all that went on in the other; he saw the disgust with which the temper and impatience of O'Reilly were received, and he often saw that he was not at the end of his troubles. Bucareli let him run through his whole ecliptic with the satellites he had chosen, and those who had connived with them. He wished no discussions, quarrels, nor hard words, but he only wished that O'Reilly *himself* might be convinced by *himself*.

Sleeplessness and activity are excellent things in a commander when the relative abilities, the order of command, and the capacity of the persons commanded are in accord with that sleeplessness and activity. In truth it must be said that the extremely active and extremely useless labor of the aforesaid eight days was impeded by the number of persons therein engaged.

There were ships laden with sugars and other products ready to sail for Spain, which were *embargoed* and ordered to unload. Their captains complained aloud, claiming damages. There were ships unloading merchandise according to their Spanish manifests under the rights of *free commerce*, which were again *embargoed* and compelled to unload at once.

The captains and ship-masters represented that their vessels needed ballast, to pay for which they had not a rial from their cargoes, adding that they had discharged the greater part of their crews as they were a heavy charge, and not needed for two or three months, until their return. Many vessels, even those which were without galleys, cables, rigging and other things *were also embargoed*. The owners represented this to the adjutants, and the adjutants informed their General, but urged or threatened by their chief, they in turn urged and threatened the owners, and the owners took to flight to escape the adjutants; about eighteen or twenty good vessels were requisite, yet more than forty useless craft were *embargoed*, none of them good and all by right free from any embargo; he ordered their owners to begin at once to fit them for sea; he threatened them with imprisonment, and in each ship posted an adjutant to hasten and superintendent the labor of each day, and arranged for a division for night labor.

Then happened in this extremity precisely what might have been expected. Many of the captains and nearly all the owners abandoned their vessels, took the right of asylum or concealed themselves. It was requisite that their keels should draw no more water than would be found on the Belize or in the river Mississippi, in order to enter; and yet, without making this practical examination, the useful and the useless were alike embargoed. Proper representations were made, but they were not, on this account, either exempted or any notice taken of the representations.

Such was the condition of affairs in the first days of July. Bucareli, not to dis-

turb his friend, had made no observation to him whatever; but matters had reached such a pass that he felt it his duty to have an explanation with him, and he did so with military frankness.

"Friend, with all that has been done up to this hour, I yet see no light. At the rate at which this is going on you can not get away from this place, as is necessary, the 24th of this month, nor do I believe that you will be ready by the 8th of August. If you choose, I will come here every morning between four and five o'clock, and I will also visit the General of Marine, who is a good friend; we will cross the bay; we will take along with us the Captain of the Port, with a list of all the vessels in it, their crews and actual condition; with the Harbor master and such other intelligent persons as we require, we will go over the whole bay and examine the ships, and they will inform us of the good and bad points of each, and action can be taken upon this information."

So it was done the following day, and such judicious, methodical diligence resulted from it, that the loaded ship, the useless from its poor condition, the unserviceable, because of its draught of water being too great for the Belize, were all excluded and notice given to their captains by the Clerk of the Governor that from that moment they were at liberty; that the other vessels, having been thoroughly examined and measured in hull and hold by the Harbor master, such of them as were suitable selected, and the repairs necessary to be made upon them being agreed upon, their captains were notified to present themselves that same night at eleven o'clock at the

house of the Governor; at the hour fixed, there arrived at a *junta* the General of the Commission, the General of Marine, the two Commissaries of the army and navy, Don Nicholas Jose Rapun and Don Bartholome de Montes (both men from head to foot). The Governor and Captain General of the Island presided in person over this *junta*, entered into agreement, with all the parties interested, with regard to the freighting of each vessel, according to its tonnage and the time it would take, the advances of money which the outfit required, its collection the very same day, and also charged the two Government Commissaries to aid and facilitate in every possible way; each within the limits of his own department. From this moment the sky was clear; those who had fled returned from their hiding places, sailors came forward ready and eager, all encouraged by the concessions made. All moved forward evenly from that day, without any obstruction whatever.

When towards the middle of July the Governor saw the condition of forwardness of affairs, he said to the General of the Commission: "As far as I am concerned, all will be ready by the 20th or 21st of this month, and the expedition can sail if you on your side make no hindrance; and so I shall advise the Court, since I have nothing more to do, having done all that was asked of me. It was expected to set forth at the end of a month from your arrival, and now it is ready before the month is out." The General of Marine was also ready on his side, as he had promised.

I had already held my conference with the General of the Commission. In it I

gave him an approximation of what the mail Service could give him in aid of his enterprise; it was three vessels well fitted and manned, whose Captains understood how to enter and leave the waters of the Belize; forty thousand hard dollars, one hundred barrels with a thousand arrobas of flour, cables and rigging; assuring him that in eight days all would be ready if he would himself take the least pains and his adjutants less; and that the captains and pilots of the three mail vessels would take his orders either in writing or by word of mouth as he should prefer. He was very much pleased, and he replied to me with frankness: "*The money I do not need, but everything else.*" The ocean mail vessels I shall send here with despatches for the Court; and for everything else that may arise we shall have a friendly understanding, and henceforth I shall advise you of the progress of affairs and will avail of your kindness for whatever may present for the service of the King." We parted in friendship, and mutually pleased. From the moment when the Governor paid him the delicate compliment of the 15th, O'Reilly hastened, after his fashion, the embarkation of the troops; he arranged his plans for the entry and landing, taking with him on shore some of the fugitives to lay hold on the guilty parties. The expedition sailed the 21st July; it was composed of twenty-one transports with a frigate, twenty-five hundred men and a corresponding force of artillery. All passed according to his wish. He seized the criminals and brought them to trial; they paid the forfeit of their lives. He left the Governor with a suitable garrison. He returned to Havana, embarked immediately for Ca-

diz and flew to the Court. His services were greatly praised. An article appeared in the Gazette, with a just panegyric upon the *very active* and successful General, taking no notice (as is usual) of the two Generals of Havana and the other persons who had served the King under his own eyes, and in a manner which could not have escaped his memory.*

The Governor of Havana read this article (in person) in public without saying more than that *it was well contrived*. Since then I have seen a most honorable order of the King, sent by the Baylio Arriaga, full of praise of the two Generals of sea and land, and the other persons of the ministry and of the country for the fervent zeal with which they hastened to carry out the wishes of the King. Narratives of the nature of the preceding rarely find their way into notices of the Gazette, which are usually contrived to benefit the interested parties.

NOTE.*—In the summer of 1780 this active and fiery Count erred in his political calculations, as he had blundered in his military plans, and ruined himself.

NORUMBEGA

A CHAPTER FROM CHAMPLAIN'S VOYAGES

*Translated from the text of 1632 for the Magazine
of American History*

The aforesaid river of Saincte-Croix running along the coast about twenty-five leagues we passed a great number of islands, banks, reefs, and rocks which push out as far as four leagues into the sea in many places, to which I gave the name of "les îles rangées," the coast range of islands, the most of which are

covered with fir and pine and other poor trees. Among these islands are many large and fine ports, but by no means pleasant; and I passed near to an island which was from four to five leagues in length. From this island northward to the main land the distance is not over a hundred paces. It is quite high and irregular in places, which appear like seven or eight mountains close to each other in a row. The summits of the greater part of these are bare of trees, as they are nothing more than rocks. The woods are only firs, pines, and birch trees. I called it the island of Monts-deserts. It lies in $44\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of latitude.

The savages here having entered into alliance with us guided us to their river Pemetegoit, as they call it, where they told us that their Captain, named Bessabéz, was chief. I believe that this river is the one which many Navigators and Historians call Norumbegue, and that most of them have described it as grand and spacious, with a quantity of islands, and its mouth at a latitude of $43\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees according to some, and of 44 degrees, more or less, according to others. I have never read or heard say what its declination is. It is also related that there is a large town there, thickly populated with adroit and skillful savages, who manufacture cotton thread. I am satisfied that the greater part of those who mention it have never seen it, and only repeated what they have heard from those who knew no more of it than themselves. I really believe that there are few who have seen its mouth; because of the fact that there are a number of islands, and that they say it

is at 44 degrees of latitude at its mouth; but that any one of them ever entered it there is no probability, for they would have described it in quite another manner. In order to relieve many persons of this doubt, I will, therefore, truly report what I have examined and seen of it from the beginning to as far as I went.

In the first place, at its mouth there are several islands some ten or twelve leagues distant from the main land, at a height of 44 degrees of latitude and 18 minutes declination by the compass.

The Island of Monts-deserts forms one of the points of its mouth in an easterly direction; the other of which is a low land, called by the Savages Bedabedec, which is to the west of this, they being distant from each other nine or ten leagues; and at sea, nearly half-way between them, there is another quite high and remarkable island, which for this reason I have called l'Isle haute. All around there is an infinite number of them of various length and width, but the greatest of them is Monts-deserts. There is excellent fishing of fish of many kinds and plenty of game. Two or three leagues distant from the point of Bedabedec, skirting the great main land to the north, which projects into this river, there are very high lands, which are visible in fine weather from them for a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues. Approaching the south of l'Isle haute, and skirting it for a quarter of a league, where there are several reefs out of water, and heading to the westward until all the mountains to the northward of this island open into view, one may be certain, upon sighting the eight or nine

openings of the islands of Monts-deserts and Bedabedec, of crossing the river of Norumbegue; to enter it one must head to the north, which is in the direction of the highest mountains of the said Bedabedec, and no further islands will be seen ahead, and an entrance may be safely made, there being plenty of water, although breakers, islands and rocks will appear on the east and the west. They must be avoided by the use of the lead to insure greater safety;—and I believe, as far as I am able to judge, that this river can not be entered at any other place, unless by small craft or sloops: for (as I have said above) the number of islands, rocks, bays, banks and breakers in all directions is strange to see.

Now to return to the progress of our route; upon entering the river there are many islands which are quite pleasant, and of meadow land. I went as far as a place to which the Savages guided me, which is not more than a half of a quarter of a league wide; and some two hundred paces from the land to the westward there is a rock on the water's surface which is dangerous. Thence to l'Isle haute there are fifteen leagues; and above this narrow place (where we found the width to be the least) after going some seven or eight leagues, we came to small stream, near which we were compelled to drop anchor, the more because before us we saw a quantity of rocks which the low tide left bare; and even had we desired to push on further, it would have been impossible to make a half league because of a rapid which is there, the declivity of which is some seven to eight feet, which I saw by going

thither in a canoe with the Savages who were with us, and found that there was only water enough for a canoe: but the rapids, which are about one hundred paces wide, being passed, the river is fine and pleasant as far as the place where we dropped anchor. I landed to see the country, and hunting found it extremely pleasant and agreeable so far as I went, and it seemed to me that the oaks had been purposely planted. I saw few pine trees, but some fir on one side of the river; on the other the trees were all oaks and a small underbrush, which extended far into the country: and I will say that from the mouth to where I was, which is a distance of about twenty-five leagues, I saw no town, nor village, nor evidence of there having been any, but only one or two huts of the Savages, in which there was no person, these huts being constructed after the same fashion as those of the Souriquois and covered with the bark of trees; and as far as I was able to judge, there are but few Savages in this river, which is also called Pemetegoit. Nor yet do they come to the islands except for some months of the summer during the fishing and hunting season, when they find abundance of game. These people have no fixed abode as far as I could discover or learn from them; for they winter sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, wherever they find the hunt of large game to be best, living thereupon when driven to it by necessity, without laying up any store for the days of famine, which are sometimes very severe.

Now as a matter of certainty this is the river Norumbegue: for from this as high as 41 degrees, as far as I coast-

ed, there is no other in the latitudes I have named except that of Quinibequy, which is nearly at the same height, but not of great size. Moreover, there can be no other which run so far into the country, the more because the great river Saint Laurent skirts the coast of Acadie and Norumbegue, where the distance from one to the other is not more than from forty-five to sixty leagues at the most in a straight line.

Here I shall leave this account to return to the Savages who conducted me to the rapids of the river Norumbegue, who went to inform Bessabéz, their chief, and other Savages, who went up another little river to inform theirs also, who was called Cabahis, of our arrival.

The sixteenth of the month there came to us about thirty Savages, upon the assurances given them by those who had served as our guides. There came also to visit us the same day the said Bessabéz with six canoes. As soon as the Savages, who were on land, saw him arrive, they set to sing and dance and jump about until he stepped on shore: after which they all sat down upon the ground in a ring, according to their custom, when they have a speech to make or any festivity. Cabahis, the other chief, also arrived soon after, with twenty or thirty of his companions, who withdrew to one side, and were greatly delighted to see us, the more because it was the first time they had ever seen any Christians. A little while later I went on shore with two of my companions and two of our Savages, who served as our interpreters; I ordered the men of our vessel to draw near the Savages, and to hold themselves ready armed to

do their duty should they see any hostile disposition on the part of these people towards us. Bessabéz seeing that we were landed, made us sit down, and began to smoke with his companions, as they ordinarily do before making their speeches, and made us presents of venison and game. All the rest of this day and the following night they passed in singing, dancing and feasting, waiting for daylight. Immediately after each one went his way, Bessabéz his with his companions, and we ours, quite pleased to have made acquaintance with these people.

The seventeenth of the month I took an observation, and found the latitude to be 45 degrees 25 minutes. This done, I left to visit another river, called Quinibequy, distant thirty-five leagues from this place, and about fifteen from Bedabedec. This nation of Savages of Quinibequy call themselves Etechemins, as also that of Norumbegue.

The eighteenth of the month I passed by a small stream, where I found Cabahis, who went with us in our vessel about twelve leagues. And asking him whence the river of Norumbegue came, he told me that it passes the rapids which I have mentioned above, and that a little distance beyond they reach a lake, by way of which they go a short distance by land to the river of Saincte Croix, then enter the river of Etechemins. Moreover, another river flows into the lake on which they travel several days, and then enter another lake, through the middle of which they pass; and having reached the extremity, they make another short land journey, and then enter another little stream, which empties into

the great river Sainct Laurent. All the inhabitants of Norumbegue are quite swarthy, and dress in beaver skin and other furs, like the Canadian and Souriquois Savages, and live after the same manner.

This in fact is all that I saw of the coast, people and river of Norumbegue, in which there is no such marvel as has written of them. I believe that this place is as disagreeable in winter as Saincte Croix.

NOTES

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—The following letter, the original of which is in my possession, contains an anecdote of President Washington which has, at least, the merit of being unquestionably authentic. It is besides a good specimen of a long series of dignified but affectionate letters, addressed to his wife by the Hon. Jasper Yeates, while he was absent from home attending to his duties as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania:

"Bedford, 24 April, 1797.
My Dearest Wife:

We got here this morning after Breakfast but experienced dreadful Roads. We were much fatigued yesterday, but forgot all our cares when we came to Hartleys, 6 miles from hence. A fine woman, handsomely but plainly dressed, welcomed us to his house. Good Trout, Asparagus, Olives, and Apples garnished our Table, and I had as good a Bed as ever I lay in, to console me after my Ride.

Mr Washington once told me, on a charge which I once made against the President at his own Table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs Hartley, was a Proof of his Homage to the worthy Part of the Sex, and highly respectful to his wife. In the same Light I beg you will consider my Partiality to the elegant accomplishments of Mrs Hartley.

I wrote to you from Chambersburg by Mr Bowie. I now consider you at Belmont, and often speak to Mr Smith about what I presume to be your engagements. In about a month I shall begin to turn my Face homewards and rejoice at the anticipation. But I am fearful of pursuing the Idea long, lest my Stay abroad should be made doubly uneasy on Reflection.

My Love to our dear Children. I ever shall be, my dear wife, most affectionately yours,

J. YEATES."

MRS YEATES.

The lady for whom, according to the above letter, President Washington "warmly professed" his admiration, was the wife of Col. Thomas Hartley, M. C. from 1789 to 1800, who had in 1778 commanded the expedition against the Indians concerned in the massacre of Wyoming.

Lancaster, Pa.

J. H. D.

LATITUDINAL ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES.—Persons who have attended our public schools are familiar with the order in which the names of the States are called, viz: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, etc.

This order seems to have originated with Gov. James de Lancey of New

York, who, while Presiding Officer of the Congress on Indian Affairs, assembled at Albany, June, 1754, proposed "that to avoid all disputes about the precedence of the Colonies, they should be named in the Minutes according to their situation from North to South—which was agreed to."

W. K.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.—*Philadelphia, June 28, 1777.*—At a meeting of a lodge of Free Masons, in order to celebrate the festival of St. John's day, it accidentally happened that exactly thirteen members met, that at dinner they had thirteen dishes of meat on the table; they drank thirteen loyal American toasts, sang thirteen songs; their bill for liquor was thirteen bottles of wine, and thirteen bowls of toddy; their reckoning thirteen pounds, and they spent thirteen hours viz. from eight o'clock in the morning, until nine o'clock in the evening, in the greatest harmony and good humor, which caused it to be remarked, that it was in some degree emblematical of the Union, Friendship, Harmony, and Freedom of the Thirteen United States of America.—*Independent Chronicle, July 17, 1777.*

W. K.

HISTORICAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—Since the publication of the Historical Map of Pennsylvania in 1775, by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the attention of State authorities and of Historical Students has been directed to the importance of a general map of a similar character. The State of New York has already taken steps for a new survey, reproducing the old historical lines. In such a map all the obsolete

Indian and colonial names should be preserved. The work for Pennsylvania was under the charge of Mr. P. W. Shearer of Pottsville, who is still collecting material upon that State. We commend the plan to the consideration of our readers.

EDITOR.

QUERIES

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF MAINE AND RHODE ISLAND.—In 1602 Maine (Purchas) was called "Mavooshen." Sir Ferdinando Gorges (Maine Coll. 11, 55,) speaks of "my Province of Maine." When and how did the names of "Mavooshen" and "Maine" originate?

Who will give the origin of the name of "Rhode Island"? "Rhode" has been translated *Red*, with a reference to a certain *Red Island*; and, also, with reference to the redness of the foliage in autumn. Was it called Rhode Island because Verrazano, 1524, compared Block Island to the Rhodes of the Mediterranean?

D.

CHALMERS' OPINIONS.—Who wrote the "Preface to the First American Edition" of Chalmers' "Opinions of Eminent Lawyers on various points of English Jurisprudence, chiefly concerning the Colonies, Fisheries and Commerce of Great Britain," published at Burlington; C. Goodrich & Company, 1858?

Boston.

J. W. T.

OLIVER POLLOCK.—I want information about Oliver Pollock, of whom a brief obituary gives these few facts: "He was the pioneer of the Commerce of New

Orleans. He was appointed Commercial Agent of the United States for New Orleans and Havana in 1777; and furnished the supplies for the army under Genl. Roger Clark, for the Illinois Country, at his own expense, and by his own patriotism."

The only items besides the above, which are preserved in imperfect family records, state that he owned Silver Springs, his summer residence near Philadelphia, and was possessed of valuable property in Penn. and Louisiana. He had two sons and two daughters. One son, Procopia Pollock, who was educated in England, and had a large Coffee plantation, I think, on the Island of St. Thomas. One daughter, Lucetta, lies buried in the Cathedral, Philadelphia. (R. C.) The other, Mary, married Dr. Samuel Robinson, of Miss., but born and educated in Philadelphia, and studied medicine under Dr. Rush. During the last war the grand-daughter of Oliver Pollock had stolen from her plantation in Mississippi, by the troops, his minature, taken in the uniform of a British officer, and set in gold and diamonds; also the minature of Proopia P, similarly set, and the family coat-of-arms, set in gold, and a History, written by him. I will be grateful for any information concerning the above.

H. E. HAYDEN.

Brownsville, Pa.

SAGITTARIUS'S LETTERS AND POLITICAL SPECULATIONS.—Sagittarius, p. 6, of "Letters," Boston, 1775, said: "They too have found out a new way to pay old debts. A Mr. Rome goes over to America to collect £50,000 owing his

House in London. The Judges there, in league with the debtors, render his errand abortive. He complains of this in a letter to a friend. This letter is stolen by somebody and transmitted to America. A printed copy of it is produced in Court against him, and the debtors imprison their Creditor for daring to complain of their collusive delinquency." Who were these "judges," "debtors," and "creditors?" What were the facts? When and where did they happen?

On p. 8 he says: "The Moderator of one of the Town Meetings about the time the tea was destroyed, was called a Tory some years ago, and in such dispute with the faction, that when his house was on fire, the Liberty Boys swore that he and it might burn together, if it were not for the danger the rest of the town would be in. Now is he set at our head in the most momentous times, by the recommendation no doubt of his kinsman, Dr. Franklin." Who was this "Moderator," and what were the facts?

On p. 9 he says: "One of our most laboring demagogues and voluminous writers is a crazy Doctor, whom some years ago they were going to banish out of Town for professing himself an Atheist." Who was this?

Again he says: "But the principal man amongst them was once our Tax Gatherer, and spent about two thousand pounds lawful money belonging to the Town; but he was forgiven this and made representative, and Clerk to the House of Representatives, on account of his seditious writings." Who was this man, and what were the facts?

Again: "Another great patriot not

long ago brought milk into Town to sell." Who could he have been?

It was an enemy who said all these things—one John Meins. J. W. T.

SWEET LIPPED JONATHAN.—Who wrote a poem of some length, entitled, "Sweet Lip^d Jonathan, or the Half Drowned Yankee," published in the Pittsburg *Gazette*, January, 1794? H. E. H.

REPLIES

BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO.—(I. 129.) In the February number I find a note upon this personage and an endeavor to establish the date of his death. Although this is not in my power, I beg to send a short note upon some of the incidents in the life of this celebrated character. The accounts of him beyond those which we find in his own work or in that written by one of his descendants are extremely meagre. Notwithstanding which, foreign writers have rarely cited him without errors.

It is singular that up to the time when the Relation of the Conquerors and Discoverers of New Spain was sent from Simancas to the general archives of the Indies, (Memoirs of the Economic Society, Havana, Vol. 16, p. 274) the name of the historian, Diaz del Castillo, is not mentioned, and had not Francisco Gó-mara published his chronicle, posterity would have been ignorant of the writings of this soldier-writer. The indignation which the silence of the chronicler, who attributed all the glory of the conquest to Cortéz without naming any of his companions, aroused in the mind

of the soldier, checked the pen which was about to establish the base of a *true history*. (It is so stated in chapter XVIII.)

I will begin by quoting what Scherzer said in a note to the History of the Origin of the Indes, by P. Ximenez. He assures us that the original of the work quoted is in the Town-Hall of Guatemala, and that it "ends on the 14 November, 1605." He states in the same history that it terminated in 1568 (chapter CCX), and in this year a copy was taken of it. The writer, with extreme minuteness, adds that *later he cleaned it* (chapter CCXII), and when copy was made he called in the students and took their opinion on the merits of the work. It is no more the original than that which ended in 1605, although the final note proves it to be a copy which had been preserved.

Mr. Leclerc (*Bibliotheca Americana*, p. 109) indicated the 26 February, 1568, as the date when Castillo completed his work, adding that he was *Governor* of Santiago de Guatemala at that time; but the descendant of the writer does not give this title in announcing that published by the Padre Rémon. It is an error to call him Governor, although he was the sole ruler of the city; but the year coincides with that which Diaz del Castillo himself gives.

A fatal destiny pursued the memory of this valiant soldier. The most extensive and authoritative of French biographers (Michaud Biographie Universelle. Second edition. Vol. vii, p. 174) makes many errors in a few lines. He says that Diaz remained in the conquered country *upon a lot of land called En-*

comienda. The Encomienda was properly speaking land set aside for the service of the Indians; and although the name of the locality was given to it, it was not a lot of land conceded unless occupied by the Indians. It was not in Mexico but in Camula, in Guatemala, whence it was granted to Diaz del Castillo. It is said that the old soldier slept even in times of peace "*in his armor*," which is absurd. The habit of Diaz del Castillo was to sleep dressed, with his *arms under his pillow*. It is certain that it was indignation which caused Diaz del Castillo to take up his pen for this narration. He had already completed his Relation, and was about to discontinue it when the omissions which he discovered in the work of Gómara caused him to *continue* it. He says the style is vulgar, but in order to preserve its peculiarities he had not clothed the work in other language. "No translation of it was known." When he wrote (1844) three English translations were known, two in London (1800 and 1844) and another at Salem, Massachusetts (1823). See Brunet Manuel de Librairie, 5th edition, vol. ii, p. 681). In 1838 it was printed in German at Bonn (Trübner Bibliog. Hisp. Americana. 28).

In the edition of the Earlier Historians of the Indies, by Colonel Rivadencion, (Madrid, 1853), data are found to settle some uncertain points. In this edition a descendant of the historian confirms some incidents overlooked by later writers, and there are some observations upon the alterations of the original. The edition of Padre Rémon first appeared in 1675 at Guatemala, although it was printed in 1632! Then it was

seen "that it contained in some parts more, and in others less than my great great grandfather wrote," as was said by Señor Fuentes, descendant of Diaz del Castillo. He gives some examples (*Historia Prim.*, Vol. ii, p. 7), among others he states that the "Ancianidad Manuscrito," as it is named on the *original cover*, which the family have preserved and kept in sight, begins thus: "Bernal Diaz del Castillo, inhabitant and Regidor of the most noble City of Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala, one of the discoverers of New Spain and its provinces, and soon after of Honduras and Higueras." He adds that the account of Mediano del Campo, son of the Regidor Francisco Diaz del Castillo and of Doña Maria Diaz Rejon, is quite a different story from what appears in the printed volume.

Nearly all those who have examined this work say that the style of Diaz del Castillo is vulgar, coarse and rude, because of the limited education of a soldier; yet this is not true. It is plain, artless; such as was current in Old Castile among the higher classes; as his lineage was such, he naturally used the language of persons of his class. He is minute in detail, little varied in phraseology and constantly repeats the same ideas, but nothing justifies the assertion that his defects are vulgarity or coarseness; his unaffected simplicity is worth much more than that which was set in vogue by the rhetoricians and purists, in whose number he did not wish to be counted. The students who read the work said, "the work is in the style of our old Castile," which at the time was considered the most agreeable. (Chapter CCXII.)

With regard to the age of Diaz del

Castillo, he could not have lived till 1605, in all probability. He calls himself one of the oldest (of the first comers) of the conquerors who were still living in 1558, and as he arrived in the Indies in 1514 he would have been in 1605 about 117 years old, at which date he could neither have signed nor completed his manuscript; hence the date given by Mr. Scherzer is an accidental or an intentional error. ANTONIO BACHILLER.

CHASTELLUX MEMOIRS.—(I. 258.)

The note is taken substantially from the publisher's preface to the *Voyages de M. le Marquis de Chastellux, dans L'Amérique Septentrionale*, Paris, 1786. The following is a translation of a part of the preface:

"The public has been aware for a long time that the Marquis de Chastellux has written journals of his different travels in North America, and a desire has been expressed that they should be published. The author, who has prepared them solely for himself and friends, until now has constantly refused to do so. In fact, the first and most considerable portion of them had been printed in America, of which only twenty-four impressions were struck off. * * * There was a small printing press in the squadron at Rhode Island, which furnished him with facilities, of which he saw fit to avail himself. Of these twenty-four impressions, scarcely ten or twelve reached Europe, and he had sent them to responsible persons, whom he had requested not to allow any copies to be made."

This is probably one of the earliest instances of a book privately printed in America. I once mentioned the fact to

the late Hon. Charles Sumner, who told me that he owned a copy of this very edition, which was given him by M. Laboulaye. Mr. Sumner's library was bequeathed to Harvard College, but this work was not in it at the time when the library was received. It would be interesting to know the present whereabouts of the book.

Boston.

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

ORGAN BUILDING IN AMERICA.—(I. 53. 133, 261.) The Jesuit Father Sepp mentions an organ built in South America nine years earlier than his own attempt to construct an instrument. The following extracts are from his account of Paraguaria, dated 1691: "each canton has a very handsome lofty built church and steeple, with four or five bells; and sometimes two organs. * * we have two organs, (at Japegu on the river Uruguay) one brought from Europe, the other made here (by the natives) so exactly after the first, that I myself could scarce discern the difference."

PETERSFIELD.

LONG ISLAND INDIANS.—(I. 257.) What little Indian blood remains, in amalgamation with African, at Poosapatuck may have come either from the Patchogue or the Shinnecock tribe, or from both. Peter John, a Shinnecock Indian or half-breed, who lived at what is now "Manorville," about 1750, gathered a small congregation at Poosapatuck, organized a church, and preached there till his death, about the beginning of the present century. Thirty years ago six families were living there, comprising thirty individuals. (See Dr.

Prime's "History of Long Island," pp. 114, 118, 232). "Punksolé," the ancient name of Manorville, used to be written "Punk's Hole"—a designation which does not seem to be aboriginal, though no satisfactory interpretation of it can be found in English dictionaries. Of the three Indo-African words preserved at Poosapatuck, *skük* is good enough Algonkin for "snake," Mohegan *skoogs*, Mass. *askook*, Delaware *achgook* (in Heckewelder's spelling); *to bi ni* may stand for, but can hardly be translated, "thank you, sir;" *tau bi* (Mass. *tápi*) means "enough," and *taubi ni* would be "that's enough," i. e., "I am satisfied,"—a condensed thanksgiving. Roger Williams has *taubot neanawdyean*, "I thank you." The third word, *metchik*, means, literally, "the big one," and was doubtless appropriated (like the corresponding Ottawa *meshika*) to the largest species of turtle known to these Indians.

J. H. T.

PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.—(I. 260.) There is an engraving of Dr. Franklin in D'Auberteuil's *Essais Historiques et Politiques sur la Révolution de l'Amérique* (Bruxelles, 1782) which has under the portrait the single word "VIR."

S. A. G.

CONNECTICUT YANKEES.—(I. 256.) Connecticut would not object to recognition as the original type of the "universal yankee nation," but honesty forbids her to claim a distinction to which she is not fairly entitled. The natives of New England, generally, were denominated "Yankeys," some years before Connecticut Colonists went to Wyoming.

The earliest occurrence of this name that I have met with, was noted in the *Historical Magazine* for December, 1857 (i. 375). It is found in "Oppression," a Poem by an American, with notes by a North Briton, . . . London, printed; Boston, reprinted, 1765. The writer denounces John Huske (then a member of the British Parliament, for Maldon, Essex,) as the proposer of the scheme for taxing the Colonies.

"From meanness first, this *Portsmouth Yankey* rose,
And still to meanness all his conduct flows;
This alien upstart, by obtaining friends,
From T-wn-nd's Clerk, a M-l-d-n member ends."

Note.—"Portsmouth Yankey." It seems our hero, being a New Englander by birth, has a right to the epithet of *Yankey*; a name of derision, I have been informed, given by the Southern people on the Continent, to those of New England. What meaning there is in the word I never could learn." (p. 10.)

The origin of the name seems plain enough. It is one of the many Indian attempts to master the words "English" or "l'Anglais," of which the Algonkins (Nippissings) made "Aganesh;" the Chippeways, "Jaganash" and "Saganash;" the Crees, "Agathesu" and "Akayásiou;" and some of the Indians of New England, "Vengees."

J. H. T.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES U. S. ARMY.—(I. 197.) The Story of a Regiment, By Col. A. G. Brackett, is really a history of the Second U. S. Cavalry to the year 1872.

H. E. H.

A History of the Eighth Regiment of Infantry, U. S. A., from its organization in 1838 to the present time has been prepared by Lieutenant Wilhelm. It was printed at intervals of leisure on the regimental press, and intended for private distribution.

G.

INDIAN LANGUAGES OF THE PACIFIC.

—(I. 145) Mr. A. S. Gatschet, in his article under this caption, published in the March number, says on p. 155, "To draw an accurate limit between the numerous bands of the *Utahs*, and those of the *Snakes* and *Payutes* seems to be impossible at present, since all of them show the same national characteristics." I have no desire to criticise any of Mr. G.'s statements, as I know but little of Indian dialects; but I wish to call his attention to a "Report on the Languages of the different tribes of Indians, inhabiting the Territory of Utah, by Lieutenant C. R. Collins, Topographical Engineers," published as "Appendix P," p. 467 of "Reports of Exploration across the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah in 1859, by Captain J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., (now Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.)" and issued by the War Department in 1876. In that Report Lieutenant Collins gives quite an extensive comparative vocabulary of Indian words used by the *Ute* or *Utahs*, the *Shoshone*, the *Pi-Ute*, and the *Washoe* Indians, and also a few numerals of the *I-at* language. He makes the statement that the *Washoe* dialect is quite distinct in its characteristics from the others, and "appears to bear no resemblance to any of those given in Schoolcraft's collection of vocabularies, nor does it seem to be at all related to the *Shoshonee*."

Brownsville, Pa. H. E. HAYDEN.

WAYMOUTH'S VOYAGE, 1605.—(I. 259.) In reply to the query of your correspondent "Plus" which appeared in the April number, I direct attention to Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*, III, 504,

which mentions one James Rosier, who "was vicar of Winstar in Norfolk, but a zealous non-conformist to the ecclesiastical ceremonies, particularly in refusing to wear the surplice. Though he was willing to conform in all points as far as the word of God allowed, he was, in the year 1573, suspended from his ministerial exercise. *Strypes Parker*: p. 452."

PURITAN.

OUR FIRST SETTLERS.—(I. 252.) That this Continent was not blest with an "Odin," who, "intent upon beautifying" it, "created man & woman from the trunk of a tree thrown by the waves upon the shore," is reasonably certain, but from whence came the Aborigines of America is a question, a satisfactory solution of which I have never obtained, if it has ever been attained. I have read several theories besides those cited by *Petersfield*. One, that the Aborigines of this Continent, primordial, were from Asia, crossing at Behrings Strait, thence spreading in their migrations *South* and *East*; another, that of *Diodorus Siculus*.

This calls to mind that some twenty or more years ago I read a work, advocating the theory that America was the inhabited world prior to the *Deluge*. The writer endeavored to prove by nautical calculations, that at the time "the Lord said unto Noah: 'Come thou and all thy house into the Ark,'" the Ark rested at some point in what is now known to us as the State of New York, and from thence it was carried by wind and flood to its final resting place on Mt. Ararat.

J. T. BOOTH.

APRIL PROCEEDINGS
OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

The Regular Monthly Meeting was held in the Hall of the Society, Tuesday evening, April 3d, 1877, the President, Frederic de Peyster, LL. D., in the Chair.

The usual table business was transacted, the chief interest of which was the announcement by Judge Kirkland, Chairman of the Executive Committee, "that in accordance with the resolution of the Society, adopted February 6th, engagements had been made to commemorate the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution of the State of New York, by a meeting at the Academy of Music on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th April, instant, when Charles O'Conor, Esq., will deliver an appropriate Address."

The paper of the evening was an historical sketch by General John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., entitled: "The Champlain Expedition of 1615 against the Onondagas, and the authenticity of the Map."

Our readers will remember that our initial number, published in January, contained an elaborate article by Mr. O. H. Marshall, of Buffalo, on this interesting subject, with a section of the map appended to the edition of Champlain's *Voyages*, published by Pierre le-Mur at Paris, 1632.

The expedition was a military movement made from Quebec by Champlain, with a small French force and a body of Indian allies, to attack the fortified village of the Onondagas, the central na-

tion of the Iroquois. This stronghold stood upon the site of the present town of Fenner, Madison county, N. Y., a few miles south of Lake Oneida. It was constructed of palisades, thirty feet in height, and of thickness sufficient to resist the bullets of the French arquebuses. Beneath these defenses the Europeans and their allies met a sharp repulse, and were forced to a precipitous and ignominious defeat.

Of the general historical facts related by the great explorer in his own quaint manner, there is no dispute, but as is usual there has been a desperate struggle over some of the minor details. Even the map itself has been called in question under the various interpretations which the text seems to admit. The argument of Mr. Marshall, which was an enlarged and carefully corrected account of the expedition, which he read before the New York Historical Society, in March, 1849, impugns the authenticity of the map, and notes the peculiar fact that Champlain himself makes no reference to it in his text. He also asserted that it was not constructed till after the narratives were written—a matter seemingly of small consequence, as no doubt the original surveys and *routières* were in existence.

The uncertainty as to the route taken by the expedition is increased by a want of precision in the text itself. Champlain says: "*Nous fîmes la traversée en l'un des bouts (du lac des Entouhonons—Ontario) tirant à l'orient.*" We crossed the lake at one of its extremities, directing our course eastwardly; and in the next sentence adds: "*Nous fîmes environ quatorze lieues pour passer jusques à*

l'autre costé du lac tirant au sud, vers les terres des ennemis." We made about fourteen leagues to reach the other side of the lake, directing our course southward towards the enemies country. This end of the lake General Clark takes to be Quinte Bay, and he draws the conclusion that Champlain did not consider himself to have crossed the lake when he crossed the bay eastwardly. This interpretation seems all the more correct because the distances given by Champlain harmonize with it. The map itself is confirmed by an atlas, published in 1733 by Henry Popple, of London, compiled from the maps and records of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, and certified by the great astronomer, Halley, as being remarkably correct. On this map the lakes and smaller streams coincide with those on the map of Champlain.

General Clark has a marked advantage over all others who have treated this subject, in his familiarity with the topography of this region, in which he was born and bred.

The part of his address most interesting to the general public, was his account of the migratory habits of the Five Nations of the Iroquois, whom he believes to be from the same original western stock as the Dacotah, or Sioux. Thus he has traced the Onondagas through five villages. In the earliest of which there is any historic record, the relics found are wholly of the stone or prehistoric age, while in the others as followed eastwardly, the evidences of intercourse with Europeans rapidly increase.

On the conclusion of the paper, General Clark received the thanks of the Society.

(Publishers of Historical Works wishing Notices, will address the Editor with Copies, Box 100, Station D—N. Y. Post Office.)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, A HISTORICAL STUDY, by the Hon. GEORGE SHEA. 8vo. pp. 73. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. HURD & HOUGHTON, New York, 1877.

This elegantly printed volume, the author, in a note to the readers, announces to be, while complete in itself, a part of his work (which is to contain four parts), and that it is issued in advance to "facilitate the success of an existing project to raise a public memorial in the City of New York to Alexander Hamilton, by diffusing in this way more popular and full knowledge of the man, his genius, and the scope of his labors." It is dedicated to the genial and scholarly Lord Houghton.

This brochure, part I, is devoted to an account of Hamilton the individual. The reader will hardly expect to find any new facts in the history of this remarkable man, who, by the common consent of foreign judges, was the ablest of a generation of intellectual giants, to whom mediocrity was the exception. Greatest, also, in organization—the rarest power of the human mind. Hamilton was an organizer, an administrator and a creator. As an organizer he devised the system of checks and balances in the United States Treasury, which remains unchanged and needing no change to the present day; as a financier, in the language of Webster, "he smote the rock of national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." As a creator he evoked from the discordant fragments of the confederation the constitution of our national empire. The consideration of the great statesmen in these aspects is only shadowed in the present pages, the most interesting of which are those which relate the mutual admiration of Talleyrand and Hamilton for each other, with anecdotes concerning these two extraordinary men, of whom the indirectness and intrigue of the one were in striking contrast to the directness and sincerity of the other.

In an account of Hamilton the individual, there are omissions which strike us with surprise; for instance, we find no mention of Nicholas Cruger, the patriot, and friend of Washington,—in whose counting house at Nevis Hamilton was brought up, and to whose bounty he owed his dispatch to New York. We also find here repeated the story of the Collegian's speech at the great meeting in the Fields, in July 1774, which the author says was "marked by the qualities of his later time, deliberateness, clearness, warmth and reason." We have often heard of this speech, but the newspapers of the day contain no notice of it, and we believe that the contemporaneous record may be searched in vain for any account or even allusion to it.

The style of Mr. Shea is ambitious, but not without a certain largeness of movement which befits the treatment of a subject of this gravity. We shall look for the succeeding chapters with interest.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY. SECOND SERIES Vol. iv, No. 4. Daily Advertiser Office, Newark, 1877.

This number closes the volume 1875-1877, and contains a table of contents and an index. At the January meeting a characteristic and curious letter was read from hard-headed old Lewis Morris to the people of Elizabethtown in 1648, in sharp criticism of the "marsh land proprietors," and their assumption of power. Also, sketches of Colonel Philip Johnson, of the Revolutionary army, who fell at the Battle of Long Island, in 1776; of John de Hart, of the Committee of Correspondence of patriotic Essex County, in 1774, and delegate to the Congress of 1775; and of Richard Sheldon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey; the latter from the pen of the accomplished Wm. Whitehead. The whole a welcome contribution to the history of the last century.

THE FIVE MINISTERS. A SERMON IN WEST CHURCH, by C. A. BARTOL, on the fortieth anniversary of his ordination. 8vo. pp. 21. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston, 1877.

The five ministers of this ancient congregation, which has now completed the one hundred and fortieth year of its existence, selected by the reverend divine to illustrate the history of the church are: I. William Hooper, who "gathered the church in 1737," in whom the author finds the salient trait to be that of a *Churchman*; II. Jonathan Mayhew, to whom he accords the title of "the *Moses* of the region, the prince in power and influence of American divines," settled in 1747; III. Dr. Simeon Howard, settled in 1767, whom he styles the *Philanthropist*; IV. Dr. Charles Lowell, well remembered by the passing generation, who is named the *Independent*, and, V. settled in 1837, Dr. Bartol himself, who boldly assumes the title of *Free Thinker*. The part of the sermon in which he recounts his own difficulties and his experiences when "exchanges in Unitarian and Universalist pulpits were refused him," is full of feeling, and our sympathies are with the venerable pastor in his final triumph over misrepresentation and prejudice.

**THE HUGUENOT ELEMENT AMONG
THE DUTCH,** by ASHBEL G. VERMILYE, D. D.
8vo., pp. 23. Schenectady, New York.

This little pamphlet contains the full text of the address delivered by this eloquent and learned gentleman before the New York Historical Society in October, 1876, a synopsis of which we gave in our January number, and to which further allusion was made in a slight review of the Centennial Discourses of the Reformed Dutch Church in our March number. Our readers will be glad to learn of the separate publication of this sketch. The strain of Huguenot blood in America has been traced with the "patience of a Huguenot."

PRE-HISTORIC WISCONSIN. CIRCULAR by Prof. JAMES D. BUTLER, LL. D. Annual Address delivered before the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, in the Assembly Chamber, February 18, 1876. 8vo, pp. 31.

A most valuable paper, full of facts, which will surprise all but the initiated in the mysteries of the Stone age. We extract the significant statement that there are now "within the walls of the Capitol of Wisconsin well-nigh nine thousand products of the Stone Age, all from within less than one-fifth of the area of the State." Beyond this the author informs us that there are "copper arms enough to equip a tribe of warriors," with a record of the discovery of each. There are a few pages of heliotyope fac similes of these last implements. Our western friends are as wide awake to the treasures of the past as of the present.

THE STRONG STAFF AND THE BEAUTIFUL ROD BROKEN. A SERMON COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SMITH, LATE REAR-ADmirAL, U. S. N. Preached Jan. 28, 1877, in St. Andrews Church, Hanover, by Rev. WILLIAM HENRY BROOKS, S. T. D. 8vo. pp. 24. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston, 1877.

In our March number we published an obituary notice of the Three Admirals, Wilkes, Bailey and Alden, who died within five days, in the month of February. Had we delayed this notice till this month two more would have been added to the number—Rear-Admirals Smith and Davis.

Admiral Smith was a fitting object for a clergyman's eulogy, being himself a high type of the Christian sailor and gentleman. For the admirable ingenuity and rare fertility of resource by which he saved his ship, the *Eagle*, warping her so as to present by turns her shattered and her sound

side to the enemy in the battle on Lake Champlain, in 1814, he received a medal from Congress. He was retired before the Rebellion broke out, his age unfitting him for sea service. His son was killed on the Congress, when she fell a prey to the ram monster, the *Merrimac*. Nothing shows more the character of the father than his remark when he heard that the Congress had struck her flag: "Then Joe is dead." The training and character of father and son are told in these simple words.

**RÉFORMES DANS LOS ILES DE CUBA
ET DE PORTO-RICO, PAR PERFRIO VALIENTE
AVEC UNE PRÉFACE PAR EDOUARD LABOU-
LAYE.** 8vo, pp. 412. A. CHAIX ET CIE,
Paris, 1869.

We take the occasion which the review of Mr. Wilson's great work, in our last number, affords us to call attention to this valuable volume, which is of peculiar interest at this time when the hour of Cuban deliverance seems so near. It is to the everlasting honor of her patriots, first among them we count the noble and self-sacrificing chief, Aguilera, whose death we lately noticed, that their first act was the emancipation of the slaves. The study of Mr. Valiente includes the two great questions of political and social reform. That of social reform was solved by the decree of emancipation, that of political regeneration will be complete when the declaration of independence shall be carried into effect.

It must not be supposed that Cuban slavery was an unmixed evil. On the contrary, it was marked by many mild regulations, such as the right of the slave to purchase his freedom and to have his value fixed by the authorities on the payment of a small sum or the right to change his master if another would purchase at the price fixed, etc. These are rather questions of historic than of practical interest now.

**KASKASKIA, THE ANCIENT. READ
BEFORE THE MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
by Rev. DAVID J. DOHERTY, AT THE MEET-
ING OF FEB. 15, 1872.** St. Louis Republican,
Feb. 19, 1872.

We trust to see this charming and instructive paper published in a more permanent form. It tells of a little village some twenty miles below St. Louis, on the Mississippi river, which has a peculiar history. Fifty years before the Lieutenant of La Salle landed on the bank where St. Louis now stands, Kaskaskia was known on the French maps and in the French councils. The sketch itself, Dr. Doherty states, was written by a priest of St. Louis, about the year 1834, and

abounds in the quaint detail in which this class of writers so delight. Kaskaskias was the most important of the French missions, being on the outskirts of settlement, and admirably adapted to the lucrative trade in furs. The Indian tribe from which it took its name, numbered about two thousand warriors, and it is asserted in the volumes of the records of the Catholic parish that Canadians were residing there as traders in 1695, whither Jesuits had preceded them, laying the foundation for a church in 1683. The records of the church are the oldest in the West. The registers go back to 1695.

PRE-HISTORIC DISCUSSIONS IN THE WEST.—THE "ADVANCE." Chicago.

This is a newspaper account of a recent interesting meeting of the Archæological section of the Academy of Science of Chicago, at which Mr. H. N. Rush exhibited a great variety of stone implements, and a collection of pottery taken in the summer of 1876 from the graves of the Mound Builders, in Scott County, Missouri.

The chief site explored was a swamp known as Northcott's Swamp, about forty miles west of the Mississippi, a part of the low country lying between Cape Girardeau and New Madrid, which was partly submerged by the earthquake of 1812. Here a grave was found where many hundred bodies had been buried. The pottery found represented in its forms the human physiognomy, the gourd and melon, the sun fish, frog and turtle, owl and duck heads, and even the salt water clam shell, and some few ornaments. The existence of oak trees, three hundred years old, growing above the graves is the only positive evidence of the antiquity, but there is little doubt as to a much more remote origin.

THE LIFE AND INDUSTRIAL LABORS OF WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT IN SOUTH AMERICA. By J. B. ALBÉRDI, (late Minister of the Argentine Republic to France and England). Translated from the Spanish with additional memoranda; with an introduction by the Hon. CALEB CUSHING. 8vo, pp. 213 and 57. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston, 1877.

As the introduction states in its first sentence, "this is the biography of a man who neither fought battles, nor gained victories, nor held office in the State, nor even so much as citizenship, nevertheless rendered such and so great services to the country in which he lived that her history would be ungrateful or blind if failing to record them in her annals." This Señor Albérdi has done with a generous and loving hand. The transactions of Mr. Wheelwright with the internal improvements and exterior development of South America cover a period of nearly fifty

years. Establishing himself in Valparaiso in 1829, his initial work was the establishment of a line of packets on the coast, one of which he commanded in person with great popularity; this was the forerunner of the organization, in 1838, of a line of steamers between Valparaiso and Panama, the first of which, the Peru, reached Callao in November, 1840. At first the line only ran from Valparaiso to Callao, but in 1845, in spite of formidable opposition and obstacles, the communication was extended to Panama.

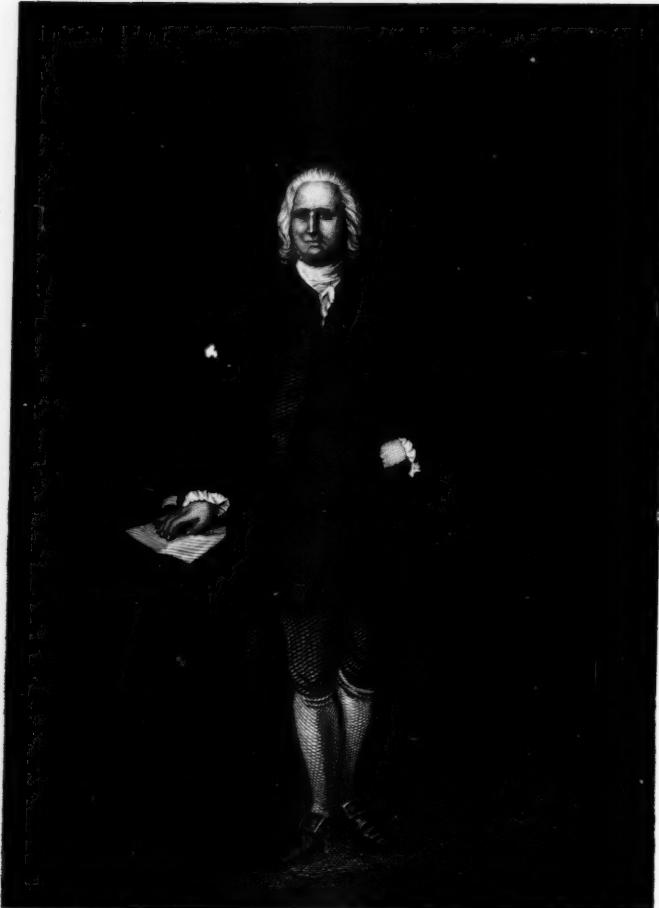
A section of the book relates his railway enterprises, chief of which was the Inter-oceanic road, which will cross the Andes and diminish the time of travel between Chili and Europe by ten days. There are numerous appendices full of personal detail.

HISTOIRE DE LA GUERRE CIVILE EN AMÉRIQUE, par M. LE COMTE DE PARIS, ancien Aide de Camp du Général McClellan. Tome quatrième. 8vo, pp. 732. MICHEL LEVY-FRÈRES, Paris, 1875. History of the Civil War in America, by M. LE COMTE DE PARIS, late Aid-de-Camp to General McClellan. Vol. IV. For sale by F. W. Christern, 77 University Place, New York.

In our March number we gave a slight account of the various opinions with which the work of the Comte de Paris has been received in England and this country. No translation can fully render the qualities of the author. The reader will look in vain in these pages for such picturesque and spirited sentences as lend a fascination to the historic works of Thiers, Macaulay, Prescott and Parkman. The imagination has little play in these volumes. Beginning with the Kentucky campaign of 1862, the reader is led through the battles of Corinth and the various minor struggles of Grant to obtain control of the Mississippi, and the contest in Tennessee, closing with the capture of Murfreesborough after the drawn battle of Stone River, the honors of which were divided, of which the fruits fell to the army of Rosencrans. The third section continues the account of the operations of the army of the Potomac at the close of the year, including the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. Here we find the Count most at home, the personnel of that army being well known to him from his own experience. The cause of McClellan's inaction is explained by the credence given in the bureaus of army information to the exaggerated statements of Southern strength.

The great value of the book is in its precision of detail and the evident desire for perfect impartiality on the part of the author.

The edition before us is admirably printed and the accompanying maps are in the very highest style of military topographic illustration.



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P. Pardon Graham, Sc.

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From the American edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica A.D.

